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THE "TIGER" BAGS TWO TIGERS: M. CLEMENCEAU SHOOTING IN INDIA; WITH HIS HOST, THE MAHARAJAH SCINDIA OF GWALIOR (LEFT) AND THE MAHARAJAH OF BIKANIR.

M. Clemenceau, the "Tiger" of French politics, has been shooting his namesakes in India. His tour was due to an invitation given by the Maharajah of Bikanir at the Peace Conference. He sailed last September, and, after visiting Colombo, Singapore, Java, Bombay, and Benares, arrived at Bikanir during the Christmas festivities. Thence, on Jan. 2, he left for Gwalior, as the guest of the Maharajah Scindia, for a three days' tiger shoot, and on the 17th sent home the following

message: "Très belle chasse tigre Gwalior. Ai tué deux." The third tiger was shot by the Maharajah of Bikanir, with whom M. Clemenceau agreed to have another shooting trip after leaving Gwalior. His plans then included visits to Peshawur, the Khyber Pass, the battlefields of Alexander, Mount Abu, Mysore, and Bombay. He found it impossible to accept Mr. Hughes' invitation to visit Australia, and arranged to sail for home from Colombo about Feb. 23 or 25.

THE LONDON CONFERENCE; ROYAL INTERESTS; CALCUTTA.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY FARRINGTON PHOTO CO., L.B., SPORT AND GENERAL, SMITH.



KEMALIST DELEGATES TO THE LONDON CONFERENCE: (L. TO R., IN FRONT) YUNUS NADI, JAMI BEY, AND BEKIR SAMI, LEADER OF THE DELEGATION.



THE KING AT OLYMPIA: HIS MAJESTY EXAMINES A TYPEWRITER.



"BARRING-OUT" AT STUDENTS ON THE



WINNER OF A 100-GUINEA GOLD CUP AT THE SHIRE HORSE SHOW: THE KING'S CHAMPION STALLION, FIELD-MARSHAL 5TH.



CLERICAL ADVOCACY OF SINN FEIN: ARCHBISHOP MANNIX (LEFT, IN BIRETTA) ADDRESSING AN OPEN-AIR SINN FEIN MEETING IN EDINBURGH.



UNVEILED BY MAJOR-GEN. SIR F. H. SYKES (ON LEFT): THE MACHINE-GUN CORPS CAVALRY WAR MEMORIAL AT SHORNCLIFFE.



A V.C. CANDIDATE FOR WOOLWICH: CAPT. R. GEE (COALITION UNIONIST) SITTING AT WORK IN HIS OFFICE, WITH HIS AGENT.

STUDENTS; IRISH AFFAIRS; A MEMORIAL; A BY-ELECTION.

PESS ILLUSTRATING SERVICE, KEYSTONE VIEW CO., TOPICAL, AND L.N.A.



CALCUTTA: INDIAN SENATE HOUSE STEPS.



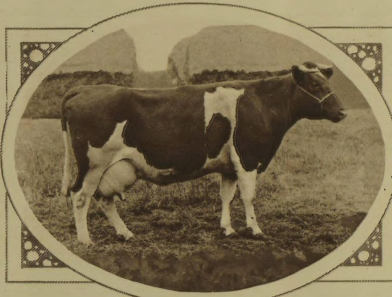
THE QUEEN AND PRINCESS MARY AT OLYMPIA: WATCHING EX-SOLDIER DIAMOND-CUTTERS.



THE FRENCH DELEGATES WELCOMED BY THE PREMIER: (L. TO R., IN FRONT) GENERAL GOURAUD (WHO LOST AN ARM IN THE WAR), MR. LLOYD GEORGE, M. BRIAND, AND M. BERTHELOT.



CLERICAL OPPOSITION TO SINN FEIN: A PARTY OF IRISH PROTESTANT CLERGY ARRIVING AT NEW YORK TO COMBAT SINN FEIN PROPAGANDA.



A CHAMPION MILK-PRODUCER: MR. G. T. EATON'S KIRKHILL FLO 3RD, WHICH HAS BROKEN THE 24-HOUR RECORD.



THE LABOUR CANDIDATE FOR WOOLWICH: MR. J. RAMSAY MACDONALD (CENTRE) HANDING HIS NOMINATION PAPERS TO THE MAYOR.



SELLING BREAD BEHIND BARBED WIRE IN DUBLIN: A BAKER SERVING CUSTOMERS IN THE INVESTED AREA OVER A BARRICADE.

The Turkish Nationalist (Kemalist) Delegates to the London Conference on Near East affairs arrived in London on February 21. The first sitting of the Conference was held at St. James's Palace on that day, with Mr. Lloyd George presiding. It was attended by the Allied delegates, including M. Briand, the French Premier, and Count Sforza, Italian Foreign Minister, General Gouraud (the one-armed "Lion of the Argonne"), French Commander-in-Chief in the East, and the Greek Premier, M. Kallageropoulos. On February 21 the King and Queen and Princess Mary visited the "Daily Mail" Efficiency Exhibition at Olympia. A few days before, they were at the Shire Horse Show at the Agricultural Hall, where the King's stallion, Field-Marshal 5th, won outright (i.e., for the second time in succession) the 100-guinea gold cup and championship. His Majesty has offered to present a new cup to replace it. At Calcutta there has been a non-co-operation movement among the students, who lay all day at the foot of the

Senate House steps to prevent professors from entering. Archbishop Mannix, the well-known Roman Catholic prelate, recently addressed an open-air Sinn Fein meeting in St. Patrick's Ground at Edinburgh. The other side in the Irish question is taken by a party of Irish Protestant clergy who lately arrived in New York to oppose Sinn Fein propaganda. The twenty-four-hour record for milk-production has been broken by Kirkhill Flo 3rd, a cow belonging to Mr. G. T. Eaton, of Thurston Hall, Framfield. She gave over ten gallons. After calving on January 8 her yield was 313 gallons in thirty-five days. The Machine-Gun Corps (Cavalry) War Memorial at Shorncliffe, near Folkestone, was unveiled by Major-Gen. Sir F. H. Sykes, Controller-General of Civil Aviation. The nominations for the by-election at Woolwich, Mr. Will Crooks' old constituency, took place on February 21. Troops in Dublin surrounded and isolated a large area on the north side on February 18, and then began a house-to-house search.



LONDON has appeared once more in the dock on the old charge of failure to produce great men. The periodic impeachment may not be very profitable, but it suggests at least that if the charge be proved there is a word to say in mitigation of sentence. Biographical records, it must be admitted, provide considerable evidence for the prosecution, and a cloud of anecdotal witness recalls, with greater or less humour, the triumphant invasion from the provinces, North Britain, and the Principality. The counties and provincial towns supply eminent politicians; North Britain, as a familiar legend attests, sends down, or up, able managers—the visiting Scot, you remember, made no English acquaintances, because he “saw only Heads of Departments”; and Wales is pre-eminent in the successful purveying of soft goods, perhaps on account of its conciliatory genius. On a numerical balance of greatness, it is to be feared that the indictment against London must stand, but in point of quality there are extenuating circumstances.

When the Metropolis condescends to raise up great men within her own borders she makes thorough work. Among her home-born sons she can claim (to mention only a few at random) Chaucer, Sir Thomas More, Spenser, Milton, Pope, Defoe, Disraeli, Byron, Keats, Browning, Swinburne, and, if Walthamstow may count, William Morris. In science and philosophy, Bacon, Faraday, and John Stuart Mill justify their London parentage. So recently as 1912 that eminent man by accident, Samuel Pepys, had to be added to the roll of native Londoners, when Mr. Walter Bell showed him to belong to St. Bride's parish. At the best, however, the eminent Londoners by birth are but a handful compared with the legion recruited from beyond the liberties; but London can plead that if provincial talent, like cheerfulness, will keep breaking in, she provides it with an unrivalled field for exercise. She attracts and moulds to her uses the strong new material by virtue of her own august personality. The weak she attracts and kills, but she gives real strength its opportunity, making no invidious distinctions as to place of origin.

If it be true that London lifts comparatively few of her own sons to first places in the Temple of Fame, that is not because of any littleness in herself. One reason may be the proximity of Londoners to London; they miss the stimulus of the distant vision, that masterful lure which has led the Whittingtons of all ages and districts to try their fortune to the encouraging rhythm of Bow Bells. From the earliest times London has stood for something apart, in every aspect she has played the magician. Even as a mere label her name has been significant and peculiar. “A draught of London ale” meant something out of the ordinary to a connoisseur like Chaucer's cook; “London pride,” “London life,” “London news” are all words of power. Their attraction may defy analysis, but it is self-evident. To pass from such minor detail to the Metropolis as a whole, there is abundant evidence that she was a fascinating siren long before she grew to be Wordsworth's “monstrous ant-hill on the plain of a too busy world.”

Dunbar, in 1501, addressing her as “of townes A *per se*,” expressed truly the attitude of the glamour provincial before and since. It was but a little London, so to speak, that Dunbar knew; but a London with all the attributes that make up her individuality—attributes she keeps, no matter how she extends, for it is her central region that determines the concept. Curious and accurate later testimony to London's magnetism is to be found in Mr. Arnold Bennett's first novel, with its picture of an ambitious Midland boy who made a pastime of watching the express for London pull out nightly from his home terminus. It was more than a pastime: the train was to him a link with a whole world of desire. That is the spell she binds on men from the provinces to win their first strength in her service. And behind it all

These pilgrims, no matter what their fortune, have come to stay. Yet some of them confess that they are conscious of no determination to remain for life. After nearly thirty years' residence here they have been heard to say that they still feel as if they were up in London for a holiday. They imagine that they have not taken root on the London clay. At the same time they can discover in their own breasts no wish to return home. The fact is they are the willing thralls of this Babylon, and they love her better than they realise. Banish them by edict to their native parish, and they would be found, night after night, playing the heart-hungry game of Mr. Bennett's early hero. They would double their pastime, and watch the incoming trains as well, with the same thrill as that to which Mr. Hewlett confessed when first he saw a railway engine on the wheels of which might lie the dust of Rome.

It must not be supposed that the provincial incomer, that resident alien, has any monopoly of loyal emotions. Your Londoner born is equally attached to the grey city of his birth, but his affection is less accentuated. He has grown up with things that were a far-off wonder, a splendid rumour, to the provincial until one memorable day when he looked upon them for the first time, and pinched himself to make sure that it was no dream. In that experience he has the pull of the native, who, being part of London, is not consciously selective. He has not seen the city throned on a distant horizon; to it he has not gone up as the tribes went up to Zion; it is commonplace, though not therefore undervalued, any more than a man would undervalue that great commonplace, his breakfast. But he does not romance about it, and it is just because the provincial born has caught a glimpse of the romance of London that he becomes her

willing bondman for better or worse. Having shown him the vision, she bids him keep it as a stimulus, and see that he does not sink into an idle dreamer of vague dreams. Her rewards are to imagination tempered with practicality. And of these her home-born sons receive their own share.

To attempt to define the term Londoner is to enter a maze. The saying “He is a regular Londoner” seems to carry some meaning until it is examined. It may be applied equally to the exquisite of Bond Street, the gamin, the solid citizen, and the inspired poet. But how to eliminate the quality or qualities common to all—there's the rub! What makes a man a Londoner? Is it an alert gaiety, a ready sarcastic tongue, keenness in business, a passion for sport and amusement, a great valour, as our London Regiments proved? Admitting these, we get no further, for they are not peculiar to Londoners. Perhaps it is simply that we recognise Londoners as such because they reflect in innumerable ways and degrees the spirit of the city that, as Bozzy, making one of his good shots, remarked, “comprehends the whole of human life in all its variety, the contemplation of which is inexhaustible.” Dunbar got home more neatly with his refrain—“London, thou art the flower of Cities all.”—J. D. S.



THE CARDIGAN BY-ELECTION: CAPT. ERNEST EVANS, THE NEW MEMBER, THANKING HIS SUPPORTERS FROM THE BALCONY OF THE FEATHERS HOTEL.

Captain Evans (Coalition Liberal) polled 14,111 votes to 10,521 for his opponent, Mr. Llewelyn Williams (Independent Liberal). The result was announced at Aberayon on February 19.—[Photograph by Farrington Photo. Co.]

lies the persistent legend of the nursery rhyme that London streets are paved with gold.

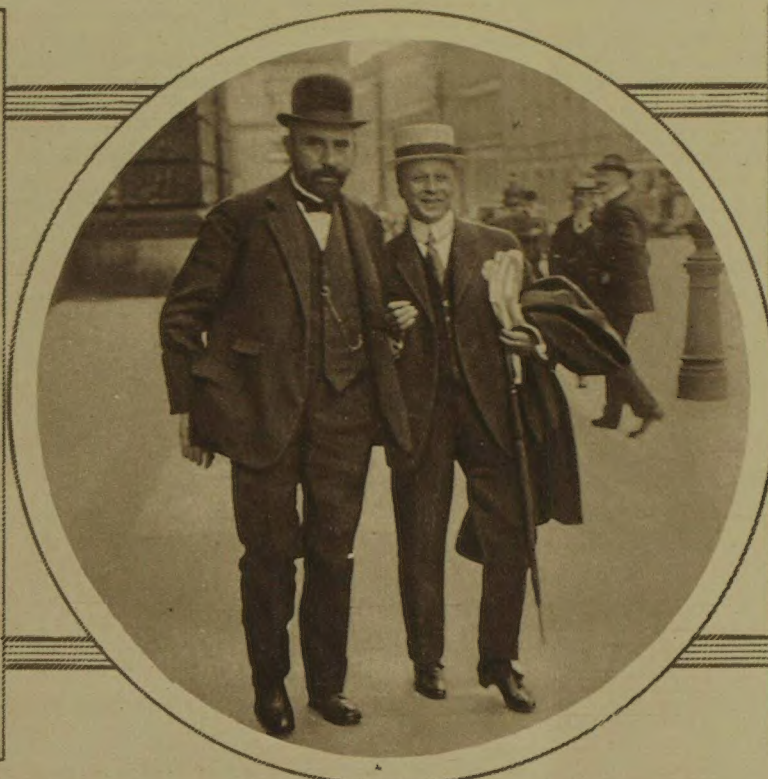
When London has caught her votary from town or country she can make him a very complete imitation of a native. Often she gives him greater insight into her secrets. From the south coast she drew Charles Dickens to be her Londoner of Londoners, and she made him governor of a province, “Dickens's London,” still under exploration by the curious antiquary. Dunbar saw only the glories of the place; Dickens was not afraid to seize the repellent features, often to the ultimate great benefit of the community. Much of the grime of his day has gone, and, if Utopia is not yet, life is wholesomer, although perfect Housing Schemes hang fire. We have at any rate got rid of an appalling frowsiness, and even fogs are fewer. The London particular is now like Sam Weller's new suit, “a wery partickler and uncommon circumstance.” To the country cousin London fog used to rank with other reputed horrors, such as the ever-present pickpocket and the lurking murderer; but these things could not deter him from his ambition if he was of the predestined class that sooner or later must arrive in the Metropolis, to succeed greatly, to find a bare living, or to be submerged.

PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.

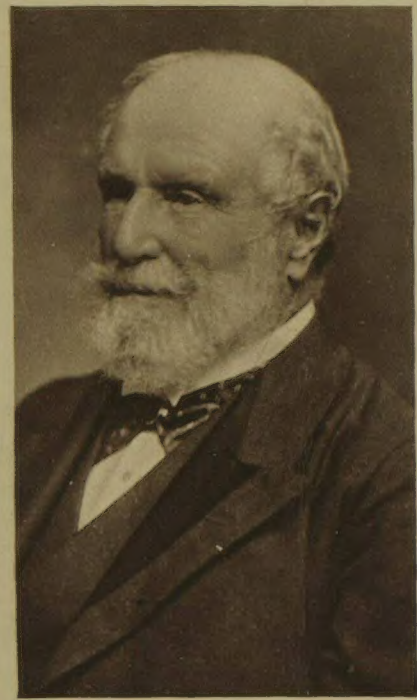
PHOTOGRAPHS BY ELLIOTT AND FRY, TOPICAL, BASSANO, VANDYK AND PHOTOPRESS.



THE NEW MEMBER FOR CARDIGAN:
CAPTAIN ERNEST EVANS, M.P.



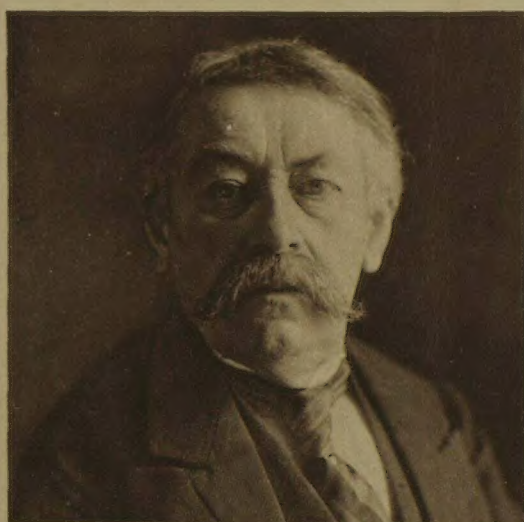
REPUTED GERMANY'S RICHEST MAN, ATTENDING THE
LONDON CONFERENCE: HERR HUGO STINNES (LEFT).



A FAMOUS OXFORD SCIENTIST DEAD: THE
LATE PROFESSOR WILLIAM ODLING, F.R.S.



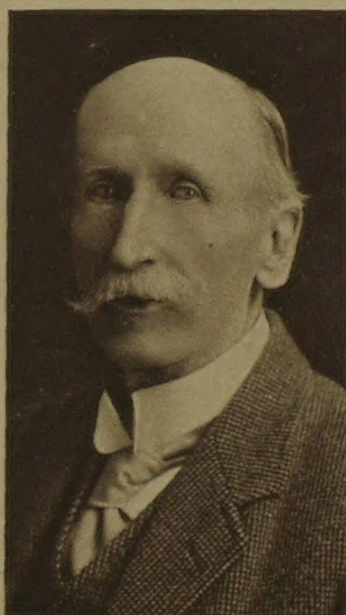
CHIEF GREEK DELEGATE AT THE LONDON
CONFERENCE: M. KALOGEROPOULOS, PREMIER.



CHIEF FRENCH DELEGATE AT THE LONDON
CONFERENCE: M. BRIAND, PREMIER.



CHIEF ITALIAN DELEGATE AT THE LONDON
CONFERENCE: COUNT SFORZA, FOREIGN MINISTER.



A WELL-KNOWN ANGLO-INDIAN: THE
LATE SIR WARREN HASTINGS D'OYLY.



INCLUDING RECHAD BLAQUE BEY (TALLEST, IN CENTRE): TURKISH DELEGATES
FOR THE LONDON CONFERENCE.



CONQUEROR OF THE "MAD" MULLAH:
THE LATE F.-M. SIR CHARLES EGERTON.

Captain Ernest Evans, the new M.P. for Cardiganshire, was formerly a private secretary to Mr. Lloyd George. He served in the war with the A.S.C.—Herr Hugo Stinnes, the German industrial magnate, is on the advisory staff of the German delegation to the London Conference to discuss reparation.—Dr. William Odling, who died at Oxford on February 17, aged 91, had been Waynflete Professor of Chemistry there for forty years.—M. Kalogeropoulos became Premier of Greece at the beginning of this month, in succession to M. Rallis.—M. Aristide Briand, who arrived in London on the 20th for the Conference on the

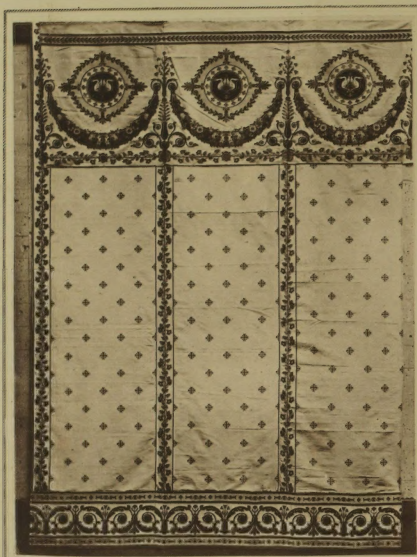
Near East, which opened at St. James's Palace on the 21st, is now Premier of France for the seventh time.—Count Carlo Sforza, the Italian Foreign Minister, negotiated the Treaty of Rapallo last year.—The Turkish delegates from the Porte to the London Conference included Tewfik Pasha, Grand Vizier, and Rechad Pasha, representative in London. The Angora Nationalist delegates were only admitted as part of the Porte delegation.—Field-Marshal Sir Charles Egerton, who died on Feb. 20, commanded the Somaliland Field Force in 1903-4, and decisively defeated the "Mad" Mullah at Jedballi. He had a distinguished career in India.

A SYMBOL OF INTERWOVEN FRANCO-BRITISH FRIENDSHIP

BY COURTESY OF THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM.

GOBELINS AND OTHER RARE FRENCH TAPESTRIES IN LONDON.

BY COURTESY OF THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM.



WOVEN AT LYONS BEFORE 1811, FOR THE EMPRESS JOSEPHINE AT ST. CLOUD: A SILK BROCADE, BY C. PERNON; FROM THE MOBILIER NATIONAL.



FROM A SET OF FOUR "TENTURES DES DIEUX": A FRENCH TAPESTRY OF ABOUT 1700, ENTITLED "VENUS"; LENT BY M. LACARDE.



HOMERIC LEGEND IN GOBELINS TAPESTRY: "THE WRATH OF ACHILLES," WOVEN BY JEAN JANS FILS, BETWEEN 1722 AND 1733, FROM A DESIGN BY ANTOINE COPPEL AND CHARLES HÉRAULT; LENT BY FRANCE TO THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM.

MR. H. A. L. FISHER, M.P., President of the Board of Education, in opening the Franco-British Textile Exhibition, said they were greatly indebted to the French Government for their magnificent loan. No such exhibition of textile art had ever before been open to the inspection of the British public. On the walls of that hall were the great series of Gobelines tapestries lent by the Government of France, and on the floor were carpets from the famous factory of Savonnerie, as fresh and brilliant as when they were first trodden by the gay Court of Louis XIV. In another room three panels from the famous series of tapestries belonging to Rheims Cathedral were now, by an extraordinary act of generosity, placed on public view in London. The tapestries were rare and precious treasures, and they could not sufficiently appreciate the generous sentiment which had led the French Government to give to the artistic public and to the textile industries of this country an opportunity of seeing such masterpieces which had been long renowned in the history of art.



GREEK MYTHOLOGY IN GOBELINS TAPESTRY: "PARNASSUS (APOLLO AND THE MUSES)," WOVEN BY JEAN JANS FILS BETWEEN 1695 AND 1691, FROM A DESIGN BY PIERRE MIGNARD; LENT BY FRANCE TO THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM.



ANOTHER GOBELINS TAPESTRY, FROM THE GALLERY OF ST. CLOUD: "WINTER (CYBELE, SATURN, AND VULCAN)," WOVEN BY JEAN JANS FILS, 1686 TO 1691, FROM A DESIGN BY PIERRE MIGNARD; LENT BY FRANCE TO THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM.

THE French Ambassador (the Comte de St. Aulaire) replying to Mr. Fisher, said that the French tapestries and the French delegates alike had been given a welcome at once cordial and magnificent, splendid and fraternal. For those who knew its origin, this exhibition was an example of those British qualities of tenacity and perseverance which, during the war, had benefited the world, and especially France. In the contrast between the simple title of the exhibition and its dazzling splendour he found a new proof of the rare and noble qualities of English sentiment. . . . The title of the exhibition was English, and, like the English, there was more in it than there seemed. Before the splendour hidden by the title, one could say of it, as of many Englishmen, whose apparent coldness concealed a profound sensibility, that the rose grew from within. He drew an analogy between the Entente Cordiale and the tapestries, declaring that the destinies of the two Allies are indissolubly interwoven by their common sacrifice, their history, and their common interests.

The Franco-British Exhibition of Textiles, opened recently at the Victoria and Albert Museum, contains (to quote the Minister of Education, Mr. H. A. L. Fisher) "a collection of tapestries, carpets, vestments, brocades, and embroidered fabrics such as has not been seen in any other exhibition of the kind." The scheme was originally planned in 1910 and its success has been chiefly due to the generosity of the French Government in lending some of the finest productions of the famous Gobelines and Beauvais factories, and the authorities of Rheims Cathedral in sending over three of their priceless sixteenth-century series of tapestries of the Life of the Virgin. The King, who, with the Queen, has visited the exhibition, lent a sixteenth-century Flemish tapestry panel, and many private owners, both British and French, have contributed to the exhibition. We quote here from the speeches of Mr. Fisher and the Comte de St. Aulaire at the opening ceremony.

BOOKS OF THE DAY

By E. B. OSBORN.

A NUMBER of memoirs of Cecil Rhodes have already appeared, but several of them are disfigured by personal prejudice or some measure of *odium politicum*, and the rest have been necessarily based on an imperfect knowledge of the facts bearing on the famous Empire-maker's character and career. Mr. Ian Colvin's tiny monograph is the best anticipation of the ultimate verdict of history, and it is pleasant to remember that this brilliant stylist was chosen to write the official biography of Dr. Jameson, which involves, of course, a final investigation of the career and character of Cecil Rhodes, since the two friends cannot be separated on either score. The book will be none the less readable and reliable because the author has the faculty of seeing the heroic in great men and worshipping it—for, after all, the conception of history as a process of sifting and sorting the dust of circumstance leads nowhere, and it is surely the modern historian's duty to show us how the statesman, in spite of a thousand external obstacles, and even his own errors and shortcomings, can yet realise a far-seen ideal, and so add to the scope and variety of living for posterity. The great achievements of Cecil Rhodes were the creation of Rhodesia and that memorable Will, which will always remain an example of the right disposition of vast accumulations of wealth—referring to it in conversation, the late Sir Wilfrid Laurier pithily observed in my presence that it "gave the millionaires another fifty years' lease of existence!" As for his crowning act of architectural statesmanship, it places Rhodes in the same category of master-builders as Abraham Lincoln and John Macdonald. Lincoln saw that the natural growth of the Union in the end, even if the South were momentarily triumphant. John Macdonald foresaw that what could be called the "Great Lone Land" sixty years ago, and now forms the three rich and populous Prairie Provinces of the Canadian Confederacy, would in time produce a sufficiency of wealth, and support a large-enough population, to insure the success of his plan of a transcontinental Canada—a cantilever bridge, as it were, of United British States spanning the vast and unsettled spaces between the Atlantic and the Pacific. And the creation of Rhodesia, so Rhodes anticipated, would in the end secure the permanence of a third great Confederation within the limits of the British Empire, in spite of the *racine de la rancune* between Dutch and English settlers, which is still so sedulously cultivated by General Hertzog.

The word "Rhodesia" on the world's map is the epitaph of Rhodes, written in letters that can never be erased—only George Washington, whose name is inscribed on both ocean-fronts of the United States, possesses as magnificent a memorial! And "Rhodesia" is also the death-sentence of Hertzogism! In "CECIL RHODES" (Constable; 15s. net), by Basil Williams, which is an admirable historical monograph, a little lacking, perhaps, in the fascination that originates in an intimate acquaintance with persons and episodes, the main lines of Rhodes's policy are kept clearly in view throughout. The reader is shown how he was obsessed by the importance

of the North, and by the necessity of a reconciliation between the two races in the South—and none knew better than he did the fine qualities of the Dutch character, and the peculiar kind of Imperialism to which it could be made susceptible. It is in his interpretation of the character of Rhodes that I find Mr. Williams an inadequate guide, for he lays too much stress on the feet of clay, and too little on the torso of granite, of his colossal subject. After all, the cynicism which prompted some of his sayings (e.g., that "Philanthropy and five per cent. cannot go together") was only skin-deep, being really a form of self-protection against the sentimentalists, whom he could never abide. He had his petty mannerisms—some of them rooted

whose joyousness and genius for friendship—two characteristics of the mediæval saint—must have some day brought him the honour of beatification, had he been a member of the Roman Communion. Indeed, he had the three virtues—*benignitas, hilaritas, simplicitas*—which were proper to those who made the Benedictine Order a new power for mankind's redemption. At a time when the Christian Social Union was almost alone in proclaiming the evils of social injustice, he set up the standard of the poor, and preached a crusade against the materialism that was as the "burden" of Nineveh or Tyre. It was easy for men to distrust him in politics. A

man of meteoric vitality (so that other ecclesiastics seemed colourless and lethargic in his company), he could not weigh his words or be rigorously just to his antagonists. Yet he was a living and inexhaustible force to the end of his days for that central fact which inspires the humanitarian principles of Christianity: in his own words, "Not the Divinity of a man, but the Humanity of a God; not the life out of life, so much as life out of death." So, for him, the Church was to express humanity at its fullest and best, as a social organism or universal brotherhood; in which faith he lived and died and is today immortal. He saw in a large, shapeless flight of starlings (seen when driving to Cuddesdon in June 1911, with the Archbishop of York) a similitude of the Anglican communion with its vast variety of opinions: "How like the Church of England!" he exclaimed. "Nothing apparently keeping it together; and yet, somehow, getting along all the time. Dear little Anglican birds!" He was a famous letter-writer, and some of the letters here collected, especially those to children, are exquisite examples of an art that is being lost in the hurry and flurry of modern life. Many such human documents, written in the very heart's blood, are bound up in this most unsacerdotal book.



IN A GREAT HISTORICAL FILM TO BE PRODUCED IN PARIS AT THE CENTENARY OF NAPOLEON'S DEATH: THE FOYER OF THE OPERA IN 1822—A SCENE IN "L'AGONIE DES AIGLES."



PARIS IN THE DAYS OF LOUIS XVIII., AFTER THE DOWNFALL OF NAPOLEON: THE CAFÉ DE LA RÉGENCE UNDER THE RESTORATION—A SCENE IN THE GREAT FILM, "L'AGONIE DES AIGLES."

in a financial past which can never be made to appear edifying—and in his case (as also in Lord Kitchener's, perhaps) we feel how great was the loss of poise and equanimity due to the lack of the family relations which have been for other and even greater men a never-failing spring of secret refreshment. No man, as I read the scars in his character, would have benefited more from a happy marriage. In the main, however, for all his peevishness and petulance, he was good as well as great, and the young, at any rate, found in him an infinite lovability.

The cenotaph biography still survives—there is a dreadful example of it on my desk at the present moment, in a huge two-volume work about the late J. H. Choate, whose flashing wit and wise enlargement of the functions of "America's ambassador to England" are buried there under a huge pile of letters without distinction, often indistinguishable. A far better specimen of the *in memoriam* volume is "HENRY SCOTT HOLLAND" (Murray; 16s. net), edited by Stephen Paget, which enshrines the quick and vivid memory of a great preacher and theologian,

"MUSICAL MEMORIES" (Murray; 15s. net), by Camille Saint-Saëns, well translated by E. G. Rich, is a composer's autobiography,

which is strangely lacking in egotism and surprisingly free from anecdotes. Massenet, Meyerbeer, and the other old-time celebrities one meets here, are not perhaps as dead, at any rate not as much damned, as is imagined. More entertaining to the general reader is "CHARLES E. CHAPIN'S STORY" (G. P. Putnam's Sons; 12s. 6d. net), which was written in Sing Sing Prison, where the author is confined for killing his wife in order to save her from the ills of poverty. The book throws a lurid light on the American journalism which lives up (or down) to McCullagh's definition of it as "the art of knowing where hell is going to break loose next, and having a reporter on the spot to cover it." The story of Irving Cobb's remark when hearing that an enemy had been taken ill: "Well, I hope it's nothing trivial," reminds me that he is supposed to be Mark Twain's successor, though his jests do not appear to carry across the Atlantic as yet. Mr. Chapin's acquaintances seem to have been a very mixed grill, and I should say he meets a better society in the curiously exhilarating environment of Sing Sing, which is a convalescent home rather than a jail according to English ideas.

THE CENTENARY OF NAPOLEON'S DEATH: A GREAT HISTORICAL FILM.



FIGHTING NAPOLEON'S BATTLES OVER AGAIN FOR THE CINEMATOGRAPH: A CHARGE BEFORE THE EMPEROR, ENACTED ON THE SOLLE VALLEY RACECOURSE IN THE FOREST OF FONTAINEBLEAU, BY FRENCH CAVALRY IN NAPOLEONIC UNIFORMS.



THE CAPTIVE EAGLET: NAPOLEON'S SON, THE LITTLE KING OF ROME, AT SCHÖNBRUNN, VIENNA, IN "L'AGONIE DES AIGLES."



THE CAPTIVE EAGLE: M. SÉVERIN-MARS AS NAPOLEON ON THE VOYAGE TO ST. HELENA, IN "L'AGONIE DES AIGLES."

The celebrations in Paris in honour of the centenary of Napoleon's death, which took place at St. Helena on May 5, 1821, will be inaugurated by the production of a great historical film called "L'Agonie des Aigles" (The Agony of the Eagles). It has been prepared by a French society, Art et Cinématographie, established to reconstitute for the films great episodes from national history, and has cost several millions of francs. The story is based chiefly on the books of M. Georges d'Esparbès, the distinguished author of "La Guerre en Dentelle" and "La

Légende de l'Aigle," and has been produced by M. Bernard Deschamps. Many of the principal scenes have been filmed in the actual settings where the real events recorded took place, chiefly in and around the Palace of Fontainebleau. The "charge before the Emperor," shown in the top photograph above, was made by young French cavalymen of to-day, wearing the busbies of Napoleon's Chasseurs de Garde, or helmets of the Ornano Dragoons, and armed with the straight swords of the Ordener Cuirassiers.

NAPOLEON'S ACTUAL EAGLES AND UNIFORMS IN A FILM TABLEAU: HISTORY REPEATING ITSELF AT FONTAINEBLEAU.



WITH ORIGINAL EAGLES AND UNIFORMS, LENT BY THE MUSEUM OF THE FRENCH

The historical film, "L'Agonie des Aigles," has been prepared for the Paris celebrations, on May 5, of the centenary of Napoleon's death. The above scene, the Presentation of

ARMY: A FONTAINEBLEAU SCENE IN THE GREAT FILM, "L'AGONIE DES AIGLES."

Eagles to Napoleon, in the Salle des Fêtes at Fontainebleau, was filmed in the actual room; and original Eagles, with real Napoleonic uniforms, were lent by the Musée de l'Armée.

PARIS AFTER NAPOLEON'S DOWNFALL: DEMI-SOLDE PLOTS ON THE FILM.



IN A BEAR-PIT AT THE JARDIN DES PLANTES: A DUEL BETWEEN A DEMI-SOLDE (LEFT) AND A SPY.



NAPOLEONIC PLOTS AFTER THE RESTORATION OF LOUIS XVIII.: A SECRET MEETING AT THE HOUSE OF COLONEL MONTANDER.



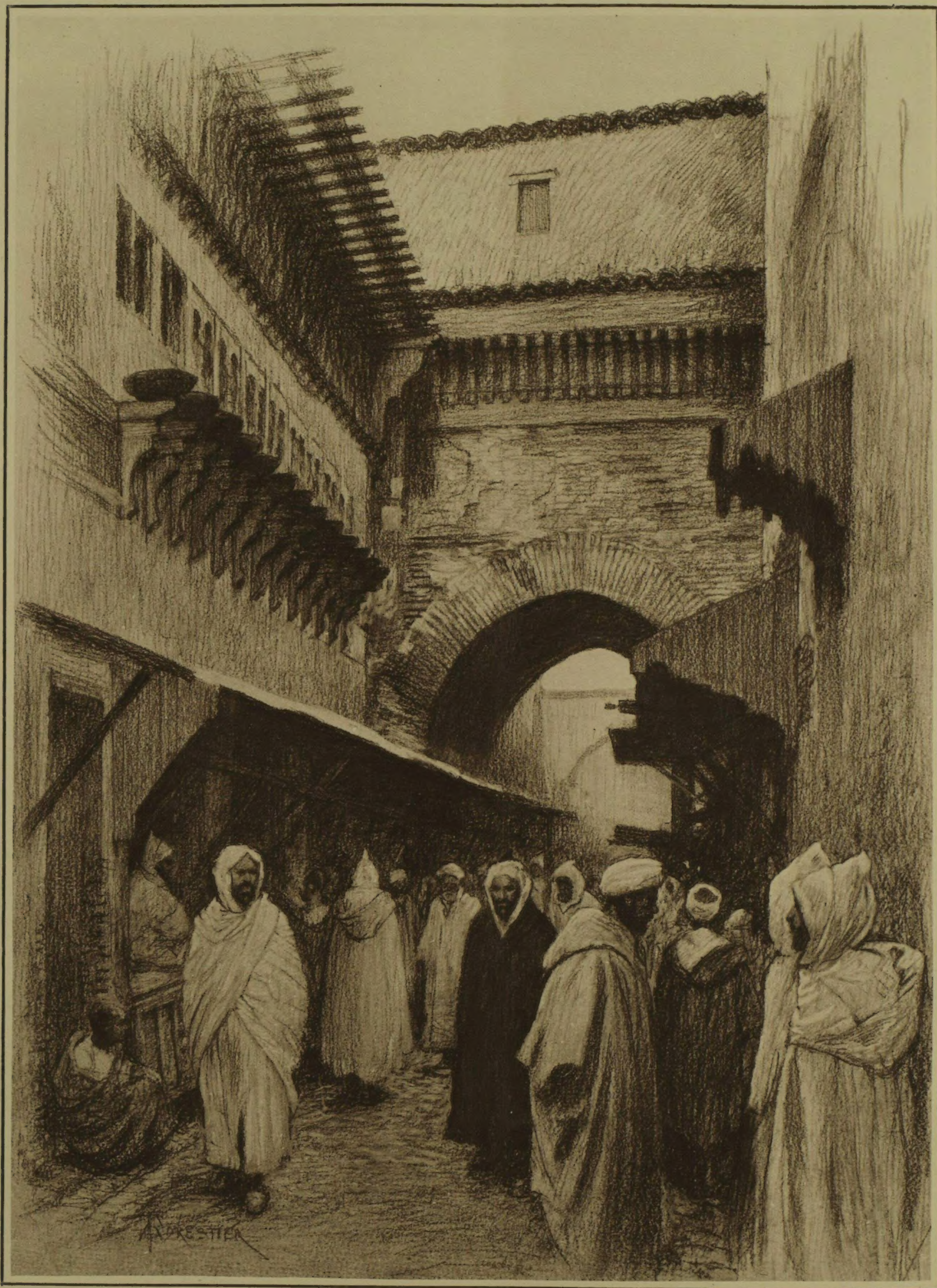
THE SUPPRESSION OF PRO-NAPOLEON CONSPIRACIES UNDER THE RESTORATION: THE WAR COUNCIL INTERROGATING A WITNESS (THE DANCER, LISE) DURING THE TRIAL OF THE DEMI-SOLDES—A SCENE IN "L'AGONIE DES AIGLES."

After Napoleon's banishment to the isle of St. Helena, in 1815, and the restoration of Louis XVIII. to the throne of France, the adherents of Napoleon continued to intrigue with a view to his return. Between 1820 and 1822 there was a series of military conspiracies organised by the Demi-Soldes, or half-pay officers, of Napoleon's old army. Plots in his favour were hatched not only in Paris, but elsewhere, as at Belfort, Colmar, Saumur, and La Rochelle. A leading part in them was played by Colonel de Montander, of the old Imperial Guard. There

were daily duels between survivors of the Grand Army and Royalists, police raids, arrests, and a trial before the Council of War; finally, an execution, where the French firing squad had to be replaced by Swiss Guards. All these dramatic events, enacted for the most part in their original localities, including a duel in a bear-pit at the Jardin des Plantes (the Paris "Zoo"), form scenes in the great film, "L'Agonie des Aigles," to be produced in Paris next May during the celebration of the centenary of Napoleon's death.

THE CLOCK OF BOU ANANIA: A MYSTERY OF MEDIÆVAL FEZ.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST IN MOROCCO, A. FORESTIER.



WHY THIRTEEN TIMBRELS? A FOURTEENTH-CENTURY MOROCCAN CLOCK, WHOSE MECHANISM HAS DISAPPEARED.

Here is a chance for the student of ancient clocks to solve an apparent mystery. During his recent visit to Morocco, Mr. A. Forestier made the above drawing, at Fez, the capital, and in explanation of the subject he writes: "In the Sūk (Souk) of the Tala, lined on both sides by curious little shops, where odds and ends of all kinds are sold as well as eatables, and facing the important Medersa (Koranic College) of Bou Anania, one's attention is drawn to a row of large bronze timbrels (or inverted bells), resting on brackets fixed on the wall above the shops' roof. These timbrels, thirteen in number, an equal number of small

windows in the wall above them, and a woodwork arrangement, similarly corresponding, which protrudes from the wall above the row of windows, constitute what is called 'the clock of Bou Anania.' Apart from some few traces of mechanism showing on the window-frames, there is nothing left to explain how the clock worked. The extraordinary part is the number of bells—why should it be thirteen? It has been supposed that a counterpart of that clock existed at one time on the wall opposite. The date of this curious machine is the fourteenth century."—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

THE HAUNTS OF LIFE:

I.—"THE SCHOOL OF THE SHORE."

By PROFESSOR J. ARTHUR THOMSON, Professor of Natural History at Aberdeen University.

We begin here a series of abridgments, by Professor J. Arthur Thomson, of his recent lectures at the Royal Institution, which proved so remarkably popular, under the general title of "The Haunts of Life." Here follows the first—"The School of the Shore"; the others will appear in later numbers.

THERE are six great haunts of life—the sea-shore, the open sea, the deep sea, the fresh waters, the dry land, and the air; and each of them is peopled by characteristic sets of animals.



FIG. 10.—A LIMB FOR A LIFE: A COMMON STARFISH, WHICH HAS LOST TWO ARMS, REGROWING THEM.

The sea-shore is a convenient haunt to begin with, and it was probably the first school of animal life. It is not to be thought of as the tract between high-tide mark and low-tide mark, for it is much more than that. To the naturalist the shore means the whole of the comparatively shallow, well-lighted, seaweed-growing shelf (Fig. 1) around our coasts. It is a very long haunt, going in and out of creeks and lochs, bays and fiords, for over a hundred thousand miles, but it is not a very

large haunt. It occupies between six and seven per cent. of the earth's surface, which is not a big fraction. But the shore makes up for its comparative smallness by its variety and interest. There are some places where there is no shore at all, where one can drop a stone from the cliff edge into what must be called deep sea—it falls "kerblunkity-blink" right into the dark abyss. There are other places, not good for bathing, where one can walk out and out for miles without getting out of one's depth. In some places, where there are coral reefs—off Australia, for instance, and in the Indian Ocean—the shore may extend outwards for fifty miles.

The shore in one part of the country is very different from that in another part. So much depends on the nature of the rocks and the kinds of green, brown, and red seaweeds that they bear, on what the fresh water brings down from the land, on the jetsam that the tide brings in from the sea. It is a very difficult haunt of life—there are risks of drought and of fresh-water flooding, there are sand-storms and smothering masses of wrenched-off seaweed, there is the scouring of the breakers and swift currents. It is a place where creatures are very subject to what a great preacher has called "the discipline of dislodgment." It is a hard school of life. Moreover, the shore is thickly peopled by a very representative array of animals—simple Infusorians and Foraminifers, sponges, zoophytes, sea-anemones, a mob of worms, starfishes and their allies, crustaceans galore, a few insects among the rocks, all sorts of molluscs, very characteristic fishes, a few reptiles, like the marine lizard, besides shore-birds like the rock-pipit, and shore mammals like seals.

No doubt the shore is the scene of intense struggle—a struggle for foothold, for fresh air (usually mixed with the water), and for food. There is a great deal of the conjugation of the verb "to eat" to be watched on the sea-shore: "I eat, thou eatest, he eats; I shall eat, I shall be eaten; They have eaten"; and grimmer tenses still: "They have been eaten." Many of the animals prey upon one another, and the House-that-Jack-Built chains are very interesting. Animal nature is run on a system of successive incarnations. As the great chemist Liebig showed so clearly, there is a ceaseless circulation of matter throughout the world. It passes from one embodiment to another endlessly, and nothing is ever lost. "After the last returns the first," as

Browning said, "though a long compass round be fetched."

One pound of rock-turbot means ten pounds of whelk; One pound of whelk means ten pounds of sea-worms; One pound of sea-worms means ten pounds of sea-dust.

Just as all flesh is in the long run grass, so all fish is diatom, infusorian, and sea-dust.

By the sea-dust is meant the minute particles which result from the wear and tear of the seaweeds and the sea-grass (Zostera), and the debris of the sea-shore animals; and this sea-dust—the crumbs of the shore—plays a very important part in feeding the inhabitants of the comparatively shallow water. The trouble is that it is always tending to be swept outwards and downwards—passing out of reach—down the slope into the depths. One is apt not to realise how hard the shore sponges, for instance, have to work for their living, lashing large quantities of water through their bodies; for the sponge, with its elaborate system of water canals, may be compared to a city like Venice. As the water passes through the sponge, many of the particles of sea-dust, and some living animalcules as well, are captured as food. It is interesting to kneel down by a shore pool, and watch the little acorn shells or rock-barnacles (Fig. 2) sifting, or fanning, the water with six pairs of two-branched limbs, each bearing many bristles and looking like a curl in the water (hence the technical name cirripede, or curl-footed). Huxley compared these rock-barnacles to shrimps, or the like, fastened upside-down by their head and kicking their food into their mouth with their legs. But it is very graceful kicking! What a long gamut there is from a sea-anemone waiting for some victim to come within the reach of its stinging and grappling tentacles, up to the oyster-catcher knocking the limpet off the rock (Fig. 6) with a dexterous side-stroke of its strong bill! The solutions of the bread-and-butter problem on the shore are endless.

Under the ledges of the seashore rocks we find clusters of neatly made vases, first pink, then straw-coloured, each about the height of half the breadth of our little finger-nail. These are the egg-cases or cocoons of the dog-whelk (*Purpura*) (Fig. 4, back), and each is the scene of a grim struggle for existence, which we must face, of course, as a fact of nature. In each vase there are several eggs which develop into minute larvæ. But the first to hatch out devour their fellows who lag behind a little in their development. Thus we have an eerie cannibalism in the cradle. The same stern struggle for existence may be studied in the egg-capsules (Fig. 4, front) of the Large Whelk or "Roaring Buckie" (*Buccinum*), which are fastened to the rocks at a lower level on the shore. Clusters of the empty cases, reminding one a little of the dried fruits of hops, are often seen among the jetsam at high-tide mark along with the empty "mermaid's purses" (Fig. 3), the horny egg-cases of skate and dog-fish. When these purses are laid they fasten automatically to deep-water seaweed by means of their long tendrils, and they are thus saved from being smothered in the mud. This is the more important since the development of these gristly fishes is long-drawn-out, taking about a year in some kinds of skate.

We may divide animals into the hard-mouthed, like a crab, and the soft-mouthed, like an oyster. Most of the soft-mouthed animals live on soft food, especially animalcules and sea-dust; while the hard-mouthed animals graze on seaweeds or devour their neighbours. The starfish is a soft-mouthed animal, but it is a thorough-going carnivore. It protrudes its capacious elastic stomach on its victims, and it is able to open mussels. But still more interesting is the way in which it disarms a small sea-urchin (Fig. 7). It lays one of its five arms on the prickly surface of the sea-urchin; its scores

of locomotor tube feet are firmly nipped by the scores of small three-bladed snapping spines on the sea-urchin; the starfish withdraws its arm and the snapping blades are wrenched off; the starfish repeats the process with another arm and with another until the sea-urchin is disarmed; it is then engulfed, smothered, softened, crushed, and digested in the protruded stomach of the starfish. This is an interesting seashore episode, especially when we remember that this persistent starfish which follows a plan to its distant end is entirely destitute of brains. Its nervous system is without a single ganglion. This is just at the threshold of behaviour, but it spells ENDEAVOUR.

Above all other haunts of life, the shore is rich in shifts for a living. Thus many a crab masks or camouflages itself (Fig. 5) with seaweed, which it fixes on its back, anticipating the trick of "the walking wood of Birnam." A starfish pinned down by one of its arms surrenders that arm and escapes (Fig. 10). Brainless though it be, it has in the course of time somehow learned that it is better that one member should perish than that the whole life should be lost. When the common shore-crab has a leg badly damaged by a loosened stone—a common accident on the beach—it throws off that leg across a breakage plane near the base (Fig. 8), and a double flap of membrane beneath the line of self-amputation folds over and staunches the wound. Surely fine surgery, to cut and to bandage at once! Within the shelter of the bandage a new leg is formed in miniature, and shoots out like a Jack-in-the-Box when the crab has its next moult. Then there are the flat fishes (Fig. 11) like turbot, plaice and sole, which quickly adjust the tint and pattern of their skin, so that they can hardly be seen against the background of sand or gravel. They have in the course of time acquired the power of putting on a garment of invisibility. The shifts for a living on the seashore are as numerous as they are fascinating.

It is not all a matter of caring for self or struggling for self-preservation. The sea-leech or skate-sucker (*Pontobdella*) lays its eggs carefully in an empty shell and mounts guard over them for many, many days; during its patient watch this parent of low degree has to fast. The male lumpsucker or cock-paddle keeps watch over the big cluster of eggs in the corner of the rock-pool, and fans them with his tail so that they are kept fresh and clean. The male stickleback makes a seaweed nest (Fig. 9) and takes great care of his family—a fine example of a big soul in a little body. There is "love" as well as "hunger" on the shore.

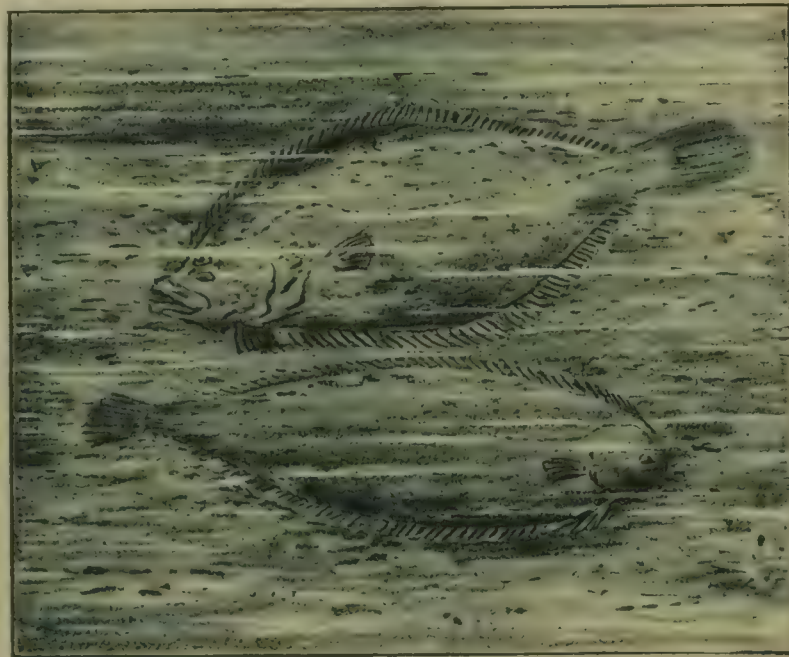


FIG. 11.—"CAMOUFLAGE" AMONG FLAT FISHES: A TURBOT (ABOVE) AND PLAICE, HARDLY VISIBLE AGAINST SAND OR GRAVEL.

The turbot's eyes are on its left side; those of the plaice on its right side.

But the most important thing is to see the shore as a great school where many different races of animals learned important lessons—never afterwards forgotten—such as the lesson of holding tight, which leads on to tenacity of purpose, the lesson of biding their time and making the most of it when it comes, and the lesson of testing all things and holding fast that which is good.

(Series to be continued.)

HAUNTS OF LIFE: NATURAL WONDERS OF THE SEA-SHORE.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, W. B. ROBINSON, FROM MATERIAL SUPPLIED BY PROFESSOR J. ARTHUR THOMSON, IN ILLUSTRATION OF HIS LECTURES



I.—THE SCHOOL OF THE SHORE: CREATURES DESCRIBED IN PROFESSOR J. ARTHUR THOMSON'S FIRST LECTURE AT THE ROYAL INSTITUTION.

"There are some places," writes Professor Thomson, "where there is no shore at all, where one can drop a stone from the cliff edge into what might be called deep sea. . . . There are other places . . . where one can walk out and out for miles without getting out of one's depth. . . . The shore in one part of the country is very different from that in another part. . . . Moreover, the shore is

thickly peopled by a very representative array of animals simple Infusorians and Foraminifers, sponges, zoophytes, sea-anemones, a mob of worms, star-fishes, and their allies, crustaceans galore, a few insects among the rocks; all sorts of molluscs, fishes, a few reptiles, like the marine lizard, shore-birds like the rock-pipit, and shore mammals like seals."—[Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]



Under the Aegis of the City Fathers: THE GUILDHALL SCHOOL OF MUSIC.



ALTHOUGH the Guildhall School of Music cannot itself claim a high antiquity—it dates from 1880—yet it has topographical associations that reach far back into London's historic past. It stands in Tallis Street, close to the Victoria Embankment, on the site of the old Queen's Theatre, built in Dorset Gardens, in or about 1667, by Sir William Davenant, the dramatist. This house, as Leigh Hunt records, "became famous under the Davenants for the introduction of operas, and of a more splendid exhibition of scenery," and "was the last to which people went in boats." Later, the Queen's was managed by Christopher Rich, father of John Rich, the founder of Covent Garden Theatre. It was finally abandoned in 1706.

The little theatre attached to the present Guildhall School of Music has thus a distinguished ancestor, and the classic neighbourhood of Whitefriars is no stranger to music and musicians. The *London Gazette* of December 30, 1672, mentions a "Musick-School over against the George Tavern in White Fryers," where "this present Monday will be musick performed by excellent masters, beginning precisely at 4 of the clock in the afternoon, and every afternoon for the future, precisely at the same hour." This seventeenth-century predecessor of the Guildhall School was at the house of John Banister, whom Sir John Hawkins describes as "the son of one of that low class of musicians called the Waits, of the Parish of St. Giles near London, but, having been taught by his father the rudiments of music, he became in a short time such a proficient on the violin, that by King Charles II. he was sent to France for improvement, and upon his return was made one of his band, but having occasion to tell the King that the English performers on that instrument were superior to those of France, he was dismissed from his service. He set to music the opera of 'Circe,' performed in the year 1676 at the Theatre in Dorset Garden. He died on the third day of October, 1679, and lies buried in the cloister of Westminster Abbey."

The locality has also, of course, many links with the sister arts of poetry, drama, and literature in general. Hard by is the Temple, with its memories of Shakespeare, Charles Lamb, Goldsmith, and Thackeray. Milton, Richardson, and Dr. Johnson dwelt near in their day, and in St. Bride's Church, within whose parish boundaries the Guildhall School stands, is buried Richard Lovelace, author of that exquisite song, "To Divine Althea."

A more prosaic period in the history of the site began early last century, when it was occupied by some gas-works!

In 1879 was formed the Guildhall Orchestral Society, a band of musical enthusiasts connected with the City Corporation, under Mr. Thomas Henry Weist-Hill (1828-91), afterwards the first Principal of the School. The Society used to hold some of its practice meetings in the Guildhall. In 1880 the Court of Common Council decided to establish a school of music within the City boundaries at a maximum cost of £350 for the year. The school began operations in a disused Aldermanbury warehouse. In three months the number of pupils grew from 62 to 216, and in the next five years reached 2450. The premises were by that time hopelessly inadequate, and the success of the school had been so remarkable that, in 1885, the City Fathers voted a sum of £20,000 for a new and worthy building.

The site was chosen, the old gas-works disappeared, and the foundation stone of the present Guildhall School of Music was laid, on July 29, 1885, by Mr. Pearse Morrison, Chairman of the Music Committee of the Corporation. (That office, by the way, was held last year by a famous lawn-tennis player, Mr. H. Roper Barrett.)



BUILT IN 1885-87: THE GUILDHALL SCHOOL OF MUSIC, IN WHITEFRIARS—THE ENTRANCE.

Drawn by our Special Artist, E. H. Shepard.

Another member of the Committee in 1885 was Alderman Polydore de Keyser, founder of De Keyser's Hotel, and afterwards Lord Mayor. The cost of the new building rose by a further £6000 before the old Aldermanbury warehouse

was again given up to the rats, and, in 1887, the fine School in Tallis Street was occupied.

Under Sir Joseph Barnby, who became Principal when Mr. Weist-Hill died in 1891, the Guildhall School prospered more than ever, and there was such an immense influx of pupils that the Court of Common Council spent another £20,000 in building a School Theatre and 30 new class-rooms.

The foundation stone was laid in 1897, and the annexe was opened the next year. Barnby died in 1896, and was succeeded by Dr. W. H. Cummings, who died in 1915, when Mr. Landon Ronald, the present Principal, was appointed. Space forbids mention of all the eminent men who were connected with the school, as teachers or otherwise, in its earlier days. Among them were Charles Pye Smith, the well-loved first Secretary, W. H. Monk, composer of the famous hymn tune, "Abide with Me"; W. H. Holmes, who taught composition to Sterndale Bennett and George and Walter Macfarren; Ernst Pauer, who had studied under Mozart's son, Wolfgang Amadeus; Sir John Stainer; Henry Lazarus, the clarinet-player; and Sir Julius Benedict.

Mr. Landon Ronald, the present Principal, has achieved fame as one of the most popular song-composers of his day, and as a conductor of what is probably the finest orchestral combination in the British Empire. In the last ten years, during which he has reigned at the School, it has turned out an immense number of young artists, many of them now before the public in various capacities, either as teachers or performers. Chief among these we must name Gladys Ancrum and Fred Blamey, of the Beecham Opera Company, Carrie Tubb, Lilian Stiles-Allen, Rene Maxwell, Dora Labbett, Doris Ashton, and Dorothy Waring. Among violinists we are reminded of poor Mary Law, whose premature death was so recently lamented; and of Margaret Fairless, who is even now making a great name. There is scarcely a theatre orchestra which does not number in its ranks many students and ex-students of the Guildhall School of Music. Several of the best-known theatre musical directors, such as Herman Finck, Philip Braham, Cuthbert Clark, Herbert Hainton, John Ansell, all hail from the School.

An honoured place on the teaching staff is held by Sir Frederic Cowen, the veteran composer and orchestral conductor. An old friend of Mr. Ronald's, he has willingly enlisted under his banner to place his unrivalled experience at the service of the Corporation's School.

A delicate compliment was paid by a great sister institution recently when its illustrious head, the late Sir Hubert Parry, Director of the Royal College of Music, came to the Queen's Hall at the request of his old pupil and friend, Mr. Ronald, to conduct the Guildhall Students' Choir and Orchestra in a performance of "Blest Pair of Sirens." Sir Hubert expressed his amazement and delight at the remarkable ovation with which he was greeted. Another charming incident which we must not forget was an invitation by Sir Alexander Mackenzie to the students of the City School to come to Marylebone and give his young people at the Royal Academy of Music "a taste of their quality." This mutual interchange of courtesy between great schools proves an utter absence of jealousy or anything but friendly rivalry between them.



THE LADY MAYORESS DISTRIBUTING PRIZES WON AT THE GUILDHALL SCHOOL OF MUSIC: A CEREMONY HELD IN THE CITY OF LONDON SCHOOL CLOSE BY.

Drawn by our Special Artist, E. H. Shepard.

MAKERS OF MUSICIANS: THE *PERSONNEL* OF A GREAT SCHOOL.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, E. H. SHEPARD.



FOUNDED BY THE CORPORATION OF LONDON: THE GUILDHALL SCHOOL OF MUSIC—ITS PRINCIPAL, PROFESSORS, AND SECRETARY.

More than one celebrity is closely associated with the Guildhall School of Music. On our double-page of illustrations we give some account of the Principal, Mr. Landon Ronald, and of Sir Frederic Cowen, one of the chief members of the visiting staff. But it is not only in music that those connected with the institution have won renown. Mr. Herbert Roper Barrett, who was Chairman of the Corporation's Music Committee last year, and responsible for the management of the school, is well known in the world of lawn-tennis as one of the

leading players of the day. The fact emphasises the affinity that exists between the harmony of mind and body. In the group of some of the Professors at lunch (for, though "music be the food of love," musicians need something more substantial!), the names, from left to right, are—Messrs. Fred Hankins, Gregory Hast, George Aitken, Hamilton Robinson, Orlando Morgan, Landon Ronald, Franklin Clive, Ian Robertson, and Saxe Wyndham (Secretary of the School). The staff includes many others.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

A CRADLE OF TALENT FOR THE CONCERT PLATFORM AND THE STAGE: THE GUILDHALL SCHOOL OF MUSIC.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, E. H. SHEPARD.



"IN THE LAST TEN YEARS IT HAS TURNED OUT AN IMMENSE NUMBER OF YOUNG ARTISTS": THE GUILDHALL SCHOOL OF MUSIC—
DRAMATIC, INSTRUMENTAL, AND VOCAL STUDIES.

Since its foundation about forty years ago, the Guildhall School of Music on the Victoria Embankment has grown to be one of the most important institutions of its kind. To quote the article about it on another page in this number: "In the last ten years, during which Mr. Landon Ronald has reigned at the School, it has turned out an immense number of young artists, many of them now before the public in various capacities either as teachers or performers." Apart from his position of Principal, Mr. Landon Ronald is, of course, famous as a song-composer and a conductor. He has conducted the Royal Albert Hall Orchestra (formerly the New Symphony Orchestra) since 1908, and he is Chairman of the Musical Conductors' Association. He has toured and

conducted in all parts of the world. His compositions include 200 songs and many other works, among the most recent being the incidental music to "The Garden of Allah." Sir Frederic Hymen Cowen, who was knighted in 1917, is also a famous conductor and composer, having published a number of well-known orchestral works, and over 250 songs, duets, and piano pieces. He was born in Jamaica in 1852. Many well-known orchestras have been under the sway of his baton. Mr. Lewis Cairns James, now Professor of Elocution at the chief musical colleges of London, was formerly on the stage, as a leading member of the D'Oyly Carte Company and others.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

DRAMATIC STUDY AT A MUSIC SCHOOL: ELOCUTION AND DANCING.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, E. H. SHEPARD.



"SUIT THE ACTION TO THE WORD, THE WORD TO THE ACTION": A DRAMATIC CLASS AT THE GUILDHALL SCHOOL OF MUSIC STUDYING SHAKESPEARE UNDER MISS KATE RORKE.



"AND THEN TAKE HANDS; FOOT IT FEATLY HERE AND THERE": A STAGE DANCING CLASS, UNDER MR. B. SOUTTEN, AT THE GUILDHALL SCHOOL OF MUSIC.

Besides lessons in all strictly musical subjects, the Guildhall School of Music also provides dramatic training in elocution, gesture, stage dancing (under Mr. B. Soutten), and fencing. The Shakespearean dramatic class is in the able hands of Miss Kate Rorke, the well-known actress, and we may be sure that she impresses upon her pupils Hamlet's immortal advice to the players: "Speak the speech, I pray you, as I pronounced it to you, trippingly on the tongue; but if you mouth it, as many of your players do, I had as lief the town-crier spoke

my lines. Nor do not saw the air too much with your hand, thus; but use all gently. . . . Be not too tame neither, but let your own discretion be your tutor: suit the action to the word, the word to the action, with this special observance, that you o'erstep not the modesty of nature; for anything so overdone is from the purpose of playing, whose end, both at the first, and now, was, and is, as't were, to hold the mirror up to nature." A dress rehearsal at the school is shown on our double-page.—[Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]



THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.



By J. T. GREIN.

GEORGE FORMBY is dead, and no one who read the news could but pause a moment and think of him in admiration and sorrow. His was the struggle of years against the enemy within breaking him inch by inch. When the house shook with laughter, he shook with pain masked by smiles, and his anxious wife was watching in the wings lest his lungs should give out in the middle of his songs. Yet the world knew little of his sufferings: to the multitude he was the inimitable comedian, the kinsman of August in the circus, the forerunner of Charlie Chaplin. In his quaint get-up, with his short trousers, his antediluvian frock-coat, his frying-pan bowler, with an inane smile upon a would-be imbecile countenance, with a gait so uncertain that it conjured up visions of the bar and its ceaseless "rounds," he was a picture of the "compleat" village idiot. And his songs were mostly a plaintive narrative of weird adventures in which apparently everybody had the better of him, until towards the last verse the tables were turned, and the Lancastrian dodderer proved to be the "cleverest of the twain." His art seemed absolutely guileless and childish, in the vein of the Hatter's madness, but there was method in it—that wonderful form of humour which the Londoner appreciates, but cannot imitate. It was racial of the Lancastrian soil; it said a great deal in a few words; it created a type as if by the strokes of a lightning-painter; it amused and puzzled the hearer; it had the quality of the unexpected; it reminded one of the babble of children who, without effort or design of effect, utter words of wit and wisdom for which their elders would envy them. His "One of the Lads" has become a classic in the Piccadilly of *Manchester* as well as that of London. It was the happiest combination of gaiety in Bohemia and in that harder world where one works with one's "nose to the grindstone." George Formby, whose fame spread, like Chevalier's, from the old Tivoli in London, was one of the few latter-day comedians who, artists born, have created a kind of tradition (and many imitators). In popularity, he, with Lauder, Robey, and Chevalier, formed the leading quartette of the profession. He had no enemies, and he was never criticised, for he knew his public so well that he never sang a song which he could not make go down by his personality. His was the all-conquering smile, and the way of one who—I cannot say why, but only state it—endeared himself to every man, woman, and child the very moment he toddled out of the wings with those strange features which seemed to apologise for the intrusion, and to claim the indulgence of the audience.

There is a fortune waiting for the London manager who will revive some of Lecocq's operettas. This was my reflection when, with a house-full of enthusiastic English people, I left the pretty little theatre at the Casino of Mentone. (Wouldn't we be happy to have such a little jewel-box in London? And the Azure Coast is strewn with them!) True, I remember well enough that the recent revival at Drury Lane was not as long-lived as we had expected. But there was a double reason for that. The theatre was too large, and the operatic artists, accustomed to great music and great characters, were too solemn to interpret these lightly drawn figures and that equally light-winged music. But, oh! how delicious is the music of Charles Lecocq, how infectious are his melodies, how lilting and joyful and romantic his romances in that little masterpiece "Le Jour

et la Nuit"! To me, who know every note and tune, it was a study to watch the audience—all quiet, staid English people who come to Mentone to enjoy the air and the exchange—the latter a delusion and a snare, for the good Riviera folk



"SINCE I HAVE MY DUKEDOM GOT": MR. HENRY AINLEY AS PROSPERO IN THE LAST ACT OF "THE TEMPEST," AT THE ALDWYCH THEATRE.

Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield, Ltd.

have learned by this time how many, many francs go to the pound, and make us pay accordingly. Still, the theatre at 14.40 francs, including taxes, is cheap, and excellent at the price. Where in England does one find a sea-side theatre, with its own company, now playing operetta, now comedy, with its own *corps de ballet*, and a conductor who knows the whole *répertoire* from,

Well, these English visitors looked all very grave as they entered the theatre, as is the wont of our people when they are in strange lands, and not quite sure whether they are going to be amused or bored, because they don't understand the language. But trust the muse of Lecocq to lissom these stern features! A chord or two of the overture, and already there is relaxation. When the first romance is heard, with which the older portion of the visitors is familiar, heads begin to nod as if to say to their neighbour: "Do you remember?" Anon, when the air of "Les Portugais sont toujours gais," which once upon a time ran through all Europe, conjures up pictures of a happy-go-lucky land, where to-morrow may take care of itself, we get a little effect not unlike that at the Vaudeville at home. We dare not quite sing *viva voce* after the manner of "Kitty at the Cowshed," but we hear pianissimo here, there, everywhere the gentle refrain, partly because it is so nice to hum, partly because it shows how familiar we are with the operetta of the French. And so it goes on amidst thunders of applause, and those who understand both music and the language come away and say that the play was as good as the tunes, and what a pity that we have not got that sort of thing in London instead of the jingles of musical comedy, and so on, and so forth.

Making allowances for the holiday-mood, when we are inclined to dub every goose a swan, and in this neighbourhood to eat goat's flesh in the firm belief that it is lamb, I feel convinced that, with the librettos properly smartened up and brought up to date, the great English public, too, would listen once more to all the pretty things which gladdened the world a generation ago. Nor is the reason far to seek. The composers of the operetta, whether their name be Offenbach, Lecocq, Planquette, Audran, and Lacomme—oh! also dear Lacomme; can anyone forget the lovely "Ma Mie Rosette," with Eugène Oudin as Henri IV.?—were real musicians: their scores were as artistically written as their melodies were imaginatively conceived. The librettists, too, were men of inventive power: the stories were connected, and compact and coherent; not a mere haphazard thing with a long tail and very little head. Men like Meilhac, like Scribe, like Sardou, did not disdain to write the libretti, and some of the lesser providers of the "genre" were generally vaudeville-writers who were as proud of working for a Lecocq as for the Palais-Royal.

In this pleading for a return to the operetta I am by no means reactionary. Even in the hey-day of musical comedy, I predicted its renaissance, and now that Revue, that *pis-aller* mainly due to the frivolity of the war-mind, is on its last legs (except at the Vaudeville, which is a *genre à part* and excellent), I foresee that the lighter muse will make a triumphal re-entry. And so long as, for reasons best known to managers, there is apprehension lest the works of late enemies would be taboo—although "The Little Dutch Girl," by Emmerich Kalman; and "Sybil," by Victor Jacobi, would prove the contrary—it may be a useful hint to remind our theatres that there is a treasure trove in French operetta which casts all the modern products of Vienna and Budapest into the shade. Lecocq, Planquette, Lacomme, Hervé, Audran—think of these names,



"TOADS, BEETLES, BATS, LIGHT ON YOU": CALIBAN (MR. LOUIS CALVERT) REVILES PROSPERO (MR. HENRY AINLEY), WHILE MIRANDA (MISS JOYCE CAREY) SLEEPS—IN THE ALDWYCH REVIVAL OF "THE TEMPEST."

Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield Ltd.

say, Verdi and Saint-Saëns to Charpentier, and all the little operetta kings with Offenbach at their head?

and the very reminiscence will turn your memories into an aviary! For, as in other arts, the French past-masters in music revelled in the joy of living.

A Motor-Sleigh to Replace Dogs: An Alaskan Engineer's Invention.

WITH TRACTOR-LIKE "CATERPILLAR" WHEELS AND A GUIDE-WHEEL IN FRONT STEERED FROM BEHIND: A MOTOR-SLEIGH ON THE TANK PRINCIPLE, FOR TRAVEL OVER SNOW.

The motor-sleigh illustrated above and on the opposite page, where it is further described, was invented by Mr. Frank G. Horner, of Alaska. It is constructed on the Tank principle, with "caterpillar" wheels of the tractor type. The driving-wheels at the back are actuated by a 22-h.p. four-cylinder motor, and the steering is done by means of the guide-wheel in front, operated by the driver from behind.

This guide-wheel can be raised or lowered according to the depth of the snow. In trials the machine has shown a speed of about 31 miles, and it can carry enough fuel for a journey of about 625 miles, thus possessing a great advantage over the dog-sleigh, for which *caches* of supplies must be arranged at points on the route. The motor-sleigh can also cross crevasses and brooks.

Buried on the Mount of Olives: An Imperial Victim of the Bolsheviks.

BROUGHT TO JERUSALEM BY WAY OF CHINA: THE COFFIN OF THE GRAND DUCHESS SERGE DURING THE FUNERAL CEREMONY IN THE RUSSIAN CHURCH OF ST. MARY MAGDALEN ON THE MOUNT OF OLIVES.

The Grand Duchess Serge of Russia, sister of the late Empress and of the Marchioness of Milford Haven, was arrested in the spring of 1918, with other members of the Imperial family, and taken to the little town of Alapaevsk, 150 versts north of Ekaterinburg. A nun named Barbe Yakovlef shared her captivity. They were murdered in the night of July 17 or 18 of that year, and were thrown into a disused mine-shaft. The bodies were recovered by

Admiral Koltchak's forces in the following October, and were afterwards taken to China, and thence by way of Egypt to Palestine. Recently the bodies of the Grand Duchess Serge and the martyred nun were buried at the Russian Church of St. Mary Magdalen, built by the Grand Duke Serge's mother, on the Mount of Olives at Jerusalem. The Greek Patriarch and several Bishops officiated, and the Marquess and Marchioness of Milford Haven were among those present.

PHOTOGRAPH SUPPLIED BY H. J. SHEPSTONE.

THE MOTOR OUSTING THE DOG OVER SNOW: SLEIGH TRANSPORT.

DRAWN BY W. R. S. STOTT, AFTER AN ILLUSTRATION IN THE "SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN," BY COURTESY OF THAT PAPER.



ABLE TO CROSS NARROW CHASMS AND TO CLEAR OBSTRUCTIONS: A MOTOR-SLEIGH BUILT ON TANK LINES.
DESIGNED BY AN ALASKAN ENGINEER, COMPARED WITH THE PRESENT TYPE OF DOG-SLEIGH.

The motor has practically banished the horse from the streets of great cities, and is becoming paramount on roads in general. Now it seems likely also to displace the dog on the sleigh-tracks of the Frozen North. We illustrate above and on the opposite page a new motor-sleigh invented by Mr. Frank G. Horner, of Ruby, Alaska, for the conveyance of goods and passengers over snow. The "Scientific American" says: "The runners do not extend the full length. . . . A pair of driving wheels are mounted at the rear. Towards the front is a pair of idler

wheels. . . . Over each drive wheel and its corresponding idler is an endless belt. . . . The motor sleigh is so constructed that it is not damaged by contact with rocks or logs or other obstructions. Being somewhat like the caterpillar tractor in its method of locomotion, it can cross narrow chasms, brooks, and other declivities alone or with the aid of felled trees." The inventor has in view two other models; one of heavy type for clearing tracks, the other lighter, for sporting purposes.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

ART IN THE SALE ROOMS

BY ARTHUR HAYDEN.

LOVERS of the seascapes of Henry Moore, R.A., R.W.S., had their opportunity on the 16th at Messrs. Puttick and Simpson's, when seven fine canvases came up, the property of his daughter, Mrs. J. Linton Bogle. "The Seaweed Harvest, Alt-na-Chrea, Westward Ho," which was exhibited at Munich in 1894, and was at the Cheltenham Municipal Art Gallery in 1905, brought 126 guineas; a strong water-colour drawing, "The Shore at Schevening," with fisherfolk awaiting the return of the boats, exhibited at the Royal Water-Colour Society in 1905, brought 80 guineas. For thirty years Henry Moore held undisputed sway as the faithful interpreter of the rugged fisher-folk. From 1860 he set out to conquer the sea in all its moods. It has been truly said by a foreign critic, "He painted the sea as though he had to paint its portrait." Wave effects and instantaneous photographs of the sea have done not a little to endanger Moore's reputation; but his eye was a human camera.

English coins and medals, several properties, and the fine collection of Scottish coins formed by the late Sheriff Mackenzie of Tain, N.B., were sold by Messrs. Sotheby on the 21st and 22nd. There were some interesting Charles I. examples, including the crown, types 1 and 2, and Briot's half-crown, shilling and sixpence, twopence, and pattern half-groat; another set by Briot of Charles I. is the Scottish set of sixty, twelve, and six shillings, which are noteworthy. A Shrewsbury pound-piece, 1642, and an Oxford half-pound and half-crown, 1643, and shilling, sixpence, and groat, 1644, are rare types. Of the years 1645 and 1646 are Newark half-crown, shilling, and ninepence; and of the date 1648 is the Pontefract shilling, octagonal, with "DVM SPIRO SPERO" round "C.R." crowned. In the next year Charles lost his head in Whitehall. Among Scottish coins are some interesting specimens of Mary Queen of Scots, testoons, and ryals, lions and bawbees, before her marriage to Francis, during marriage with Francis, during marriage with Darnley, and during second widowhood.

A sale of Chinese porcelain must always claim respect. There is no bad Chinese porcelain, or very little, to hand as yet. We cannot say the same of Japan, where most of the modern exportations have been atrocious in art, and, be it said, very unwelcome here. The Chinese potter has always made his objects for the sheer delight of creating wonderful art. His poetry and symbolism are innate. It is time we learned to discriminate between China and Japan. The West has ruined Japanese art for a century and more, and now the West has penetrated China. The beginning of things is when China attempts to emulate European ideas in pottery; the end of all things is when she touches Western models. Collectors should, therefore, remember that all Chinese porcelain reflecting the older and finer ideals is precious as an art acquisition. The Chinese objects of art and porcelain dispersed by Messrs. Puttick and Simpson on the 18th had that tinge of sadness which a reflective mind feels; it is so little and so much; these things can never come again. Just a mandarin's coat of blue silk damask, embroidered in floral branches in colours, with flowers and gold on a black ground at border, and a Chinese white

silk bedspread with Immortals and flowers and fruit and birds, the border with animals and birds in shaped panels, in coloured silks and silver thread. A pair of pricket candlesticks of green jade, supported by figures of birds on circular bases, stood apart, and lacquer and bronzes and porcelain in self-colour, and Chinese rugs of the Ch'ien-lung period, completed a touch of the vanishing East. Similarly, Chinese porcelain sold by Christie's on the 22nd had its allurements. A Nankin dinner service reminded one of the nabobs who sent services home, in European taste, even in that early day, but the vitiation was not widespread. A *famille verte* dish and two *famille verte* vases and beaker, both of the Kang-he period, won

on the 22nd which offered possibilities to bibliophiles. First editions came uppermost, from Spenser's "Faerie Queene," 1590-1596, to Bewick's "History of British Birds," 1797-1804. Swinburne's "Poems and Ballads," and Meredith's "Ordeal of Richard Feverel," Cobbett's "Rural Rides" and Crabbe's "Village," and Blomfield's "Rural Tales," George Eliot's "Silas Marner" and "Adam Bede," Kingsley's "Westward Ho," Boswell's "Life of Johnson," and Gay's "Poems," completed a fine run of first editions. Omar Khayyam was represented by a series of translators

(wherein he rivals Horatius Flaccus in his translators); from FitzGerald to Richard le Gallienne, and Justin Huntly McCarthy, there was a fine crop of Omarian renderings of Omar, once in the six-penny box of remainders on the booksellers' stalls in his FitzGerald edition.

A four days' sale by Messrs. Sotheby beginning on March 1 includes poems by "R. Burns, chiefly in the Scottish dialect," with portrait, Edinburgh, 1787, the first Edinburgh edition; and Voltaire's "Henriade," with a contemporary chalk drawing of Voltaire by Hubert inserted. Mr. Augustus E. John came up in a sale by Messrs. Christie on the 25th, for hall-marking in properties of Sir Coleridge Kennard and Mr. Albert Rutherford. Most are portraits in chalk or pencil, and a few in wash, Indian-ink, or sepia, possibly fugitive, hence the fugitive prices obtained. But from the Lawley collection Birket Foster (how Futurists must gnash their teeth!) had his day with twenty examples bringing fine prices. Of course, there was Turner, with "Derwentwater," from Ruskin's collection, and exhibited at Burlington House in 1886 and elsewhere, with a long pedigree; and his "Salute and Grand Dogana, Venice," "Remagen and Linz," both exhibited at Burlington House and Johanneisburg (not South Africa); and at the same sale Ernest Crofts, R.A., had his "Battle of Edgehill," and B. W. Leader, R.A., his "Solitude," and they came to their own under the hammer: disappointing, perhaps, but it is posterity's verdict, in spite of the lessened value of the sovereign.

Fine Persian, Indo-Persian, and Indian manuscripts and miniatures are to be sold by Messrs. Sotheby on March 7. The Persian miniatures are wonderful in colouring and

design. The borders in quality dispute precedence with fifteenth-century Italian art. Hunting scenes and love episodes are *en évidence*. Battles and combats of long-forgotten Persian heroes are pictured. It is the Arthurian legend of Persian art. The "Book of Kings" of the Persian monarchs was transcribed in the seventeenth century, and is a gallery of feats of arms of successive monarchs, as instanced by the depiction of Gurwi Zirah cutting off the head of Siawush over a golden bowl before Afrasiab; and other tetrarchs are shown as slaying single-handedly wolves, lions, and dragons. The portrait of a "Young Man" holding a cup on which a bird is perched in colours and gold is a touch of melancholy and poesy which Aubrey Beardsley could not snatch from the past. Here is the original, a prince in delectable solitude, enshrined in a Persian miniature begirt with wondrous design of cranes and fallow deer, and with enchanting foliage which Burne-Jones could not emulate in his designs. "The Arabian Nights" beloved of our childhood contains no finer dream of ecstasy.



WITH A REMARKABLY MODERN HEAD: A LOHAN (DISCIPLE OF BUDDHA) WHO HAD COMPLETED THE EIGHT-FOLD PATH OF PERFECTION—A CHINESE POTTERY FIGURE (618-906 A.D.).

This is one of a set of early Chinese pottery figures of sixteen Lohans (disciples of Buddha who had reached the end of the eight-fold path and attained perfection) found in caves of a mountain near Ichou, south-west of Peking. Over a dark-green robe he wears a Buddhist priest's robe of orange-yellow. The figure was recently acquired by the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York. A similar one is in the British Museum.

By Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York.

comparative recognition in a somewhat flat market. All sorts of little objects which were beautiful escaped general attention, as, for instance, a pair of bottles of Peking yellow glass, and a figure of Kwan-Yin, green, yellow, and aubergine. A wonderful pair of figures of cocks, the plumage of one pencilled in black and the other enamelled in colours, were fine examples, but elicited less recognition than they deserved as Ch'ien-Lung examples. At the same sale Rhodian ware came uppermost. It is primitive; it has won a place in the modern collector's heart. Its simplicity of design almost bespeaks its aloofness from Chinese and Persian prototypes. A dish with the centre decorated with arabesques in blue and white on a red medallion, and a cylindrical mug painted with sailing junks were notable items.

At Christie's on the 17th a Louis XV. library table, veneered with panels of tulip-wood, with ormolu handles and escutcheons, brought 3000 gns.

Books occupy considerable time in selling, and Messrs. Sotheby had a three days' sale beginning

WILLED TO NEW YORK: AN EARLY AND NOTABLE REMBRANDT.

BY COURTESY OF THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART, NEW YORK.



LIKE REMBRANDT'S FATHER: "THE NOBLE SLAV," BEQUEATHED BY WILLIAM K. VANDERBILT TO THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART, NEW YORK.

Under the will of the late Mr. William K. Vanderbilt, the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York has received a bequest of high importance, including ten pictures of Old Masters. Four of the paintings are of the seventeenth-century Dutch school. "The Noble Slav," by Rembrandt, is one of the most imposing of the artist's earlier works, and is remarkable for nobility of treatment. The model, resembling Rembrandt's father, is dressed in rich robes and a turban.

The canvas measures 60½ inches in height and 43½ inches in width. It is signed "R H van Rijn 1632(?)." His full name, it may be recalled, was Rembrandt Harmensz van Rijn. This picture has been formerly, at different times, in the collections of King William II. of Holland, Lord Methuen (at Corsham), the Tomline Collection at Orwell Park, and the McKay Twombly Collection in New York.

THE WATERLOO CUP: THE FIRST WIN FOR THE SEFTON FAMILY.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE LONDON NEWS.



BEFORE THE FINAL: THE TRAINERS, WITH JASSIONA (LEFT) AND SHORT COMING.



WINNER OF THE WATERLOO CUP: THE COUNTESS OF SEFTON'S SHORT COMING.



RUNNER-UP FOR THE WATERLOO CUP: SIR R. W. B. JARDINE'S JASSIONA.



OWNER AND NOMINATOR OF THE WINNER: THE EARL AND COUNTESS OF SEFTON.



INTERESTED SPECTATORS: (L. TO R.) MRS. BODELEY, LADY ST. GERMAN'S THIRD FROM LEFT AT BACK, LORD LONSDALE, AND LADY DIANA SOMERSET.



INCLUDING LORD MOLYNEUX, LADY ST. GERMAN'S, LORD LONSDALE, LADY DIANA SOMERSET, AND LORD SEFTON (RIGHT): ANOTHER GROUP.



LADY SEFTON CONGRATULATED BY SIR ROBERT JARDINE (OWNER OF THE RUNNER-UP).



BEFORE HIS ACCIDENT: MR. G. D. MULCASTER JUDGING FROM THE NEW STAND.



AFTER HIS ACCIDENT: MR. G. D. MULCASTER, THE JUDGE, WITH BROKEN COLLAR-BONE.

The contest for the Waterloo Cup, the "blue ribbon" of coursing, was decided at Lydiate on February 18, the final being between Short Coming (owned by the Earl of Sefton and nominated by the Countess of Sefton) and Jassiona, owned by Sir Robert Jardine, who has already won the trophy twice. The victory of Short Coming was very popular, for although the Seftons have been the principal patrons of the sport for over eighty years, no member of the family has ever won the Cup before. It is presented by Lord Sefton himself. He and Lady

Sefton received hearty congratulations from all present, among the first to offer them being Sir Robert Jardine, the owner of the runner-up. In the early part of the day the judge, Mr. G. D. Mulcaster, had an unfortunate accident. He had abandoned the new judging stand (shown in one of our photographs), and was again judging on horseback, when, during one of the courses, he was thrown heavily. His horse fell on him, and he broke his collar-bone and injured a rib. His duties were taken over by Mr. Hector Clark.



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A HISTORIC LONDON HOUSE PRESERVED.

IN 1662 King Charles II. granted to his favourite, Henry Jermyn, Earl of St. Albans, "St. James' Fields," an area of no less than forty-five acres, which, roughly, is now bounded by Piccadilly on the north, Pall Mall on the south, Regent Street on the east, and St. James's Street on the west. The recipient seems to have been a man of considerable business acumen, and before ten years had passed he had laid out St. James's Square and most of the streets contiguous to it. One is led to recall these facts, not without some misgivings, by the announcement that Messrs. Hampton and Sons are removing their estate agency from Cockspur Street to the beautiful eighteenth-century Adam mansion, 20, St. James's Square, where also they will shortly be opening estate sale-rooms for their auction sales of properties.

Enquiries, however, show that there need be no misgivings. Happily, the House of Hamptons has traditions, and this unique example of an Adam town residence is to suffer no mutilation at their hands. On the contrary, it has been their pride zealously to guard all the original Adam work, as well as the wonderful decorations by Angelica Kauffmann, and other equally eminent decorative artists, sculptors, and craftsmen. Henceforth, therefore, their clients will have the satisfaction of negotiating for estates and houses in a building which is unquestionably the most beautiful of its kind in the world that is in use for commercial purposes.

The history of St. James's Square is remarkably fascinating. For nearly three hundred years its houses have been made historic by being the homes of some of the most eminent men in English public life. Not the least famous is No. 20. In the Rate Books of St. Martin's for 1676, 200 years earlier, the rated occupier is given as Sir Allen Apsley, the Keeper of the King's Hawks and Treasurer to the Duke of York. Among the most eminent of its later occupiers were William Wyndham Grenville, who, when Prime Minister, lived there for some years from 1792 onwards; and, later, Earl Sondes and the Earl of Strathmore.

In 1771 Sir Watkin Williams Wynn bought the freehold of No. 20, and had the old house pulled down. To his instructions the Brothers Adam then designed and built on the site a mansion which remains to this day one of the handsomest of the many palatial houses in the City of Westminster.

The Adam style expresses, perhaps more than any other, the classic conception of what constitutes elegance. An infallible feeling for ideal proportion, and a telling restraint in the use of enrichments, are conspicuous among the qualities which give to its best examples such a peculiar distinction and atmosphere of stateliness. Of the many historic mansions erected by the Brothers Adam, there is not one in which these



AN ADAM HOUSE, DECORATED BY ANGELICA KAUFFMANN: NO. 20, ST. JAMES'S SQUARE—MESSRS. HAMPTON'S NEW ESTATE OFFICES.

qualities are more fully in evidence than they are at No. 20, St. James's Square.

The planning, the structure, and the decorations throughout stamp this house as being one of the masterpieces of the Brothers Adam. Its numerous sculptured marble mantelpieces are among the finest that were produced in the eighteenth century, and exemplify the highest point that craftsmanship has ever reached in this country. All these are still in perfect condition, and are being left just as they were fixed in 1773. Directly on to these ceilings Angelica Kauffmann painted some of her most beautiful decorative panels, depicting allegorical and other subjects. The effect of these unique masterpieces, so well

designed and so soft in colour, is admirably enhanced by the low-relief plaster work and the beautifully carved doors and overdoors of wonderfully figured Spanish mahogany.

All these works having been carried out under the personal direction of Robert Adam himself, every detail exemplifies a skill in craftsmanship which has been very seldom equalled and never surpassed.

Ralph, in his "Review of Public Buildings in London," published in 1734, says of St. James's Square: "It has an appearance of grandeur superior to any other place in Town"; and this is one of the few really appreciative words to be found in this book, his criticism of other places being mostly adverse. St. James's Square was a favourite promenade of Johnson and Savage, who, often hungry and dispirited as well as homeless, could hardly have refrained from envying the occupants of these princely residences. Their wanderings round this Square doubtless inspired Johnson's lines—

When the Duke of Leeds shall married be
To a fine young lady of quality,
How happy will that gentlewoman be
In his Grace of Leeds' good company!
She shall have all that's fine and fair,
And the best of silks and satins shall wear
And ride in a coach to take the air,
And have a house in St. James's Square.

In these days, when so many historical and artistically interesting old buildings are being demolished for utilitarian purposes, it is refreshing to find that there are owners who are willing to sacrifice purely commercial interests in order to preserve the beauties and amenities of architectural gems such as is this fine old house. The fact that the house stands on more than an eighth of an acre makes it clear that it would have been to Messrs. Hampton and Sons' financial advantage to have pulled it down and built on the site a block of flats or similar buildings.

From the point of view of the public, it is a matter for congratulation that such a fate has not overtaken this property; it is to be hoped that the public spirit of this firm will not ultimately result in the financial loss which their action suggests, because the impressiveness of such stately headquarters must add materially both to the number and to the confidence of their clients, and will also have an uplifting effect upon the minds of their Staff.

The Austin TWENTY



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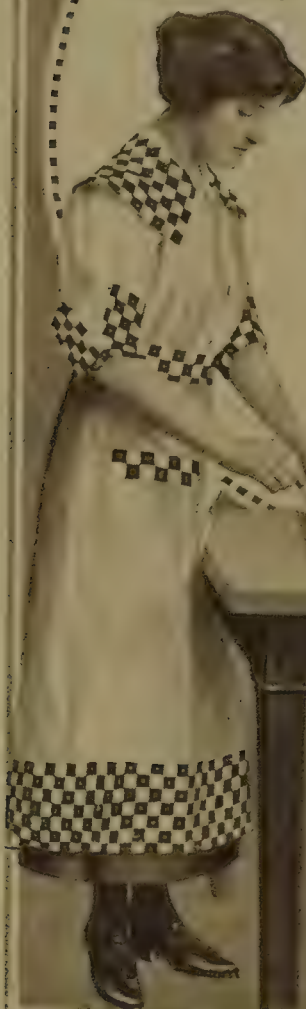
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LADIES' NEWS.

THERE were more Peeresses at the opening of Parliament than usual, and they all wore many and most beautiful jewels. The Peers and the officials put them quite in the shade as regards colour, but our sex had it in brilliance. There were a few ladies, not Peeresses, who viewed the fine spectacle from a high-up gallery. Miss Megan Lloyd George was one; Mrs. Asquith, in cloth of gold, another; Lady Lister Kaye, in crimson velvet and diamonds; Mrs. Brinton, and others. Cloaks were more beautiful than frocks. The Duchess of Wellington's was ermine; the Duchess of Somerset's sable; Lady Annesley's, Chinese dragons in gold on aquamarine, satin lined, and with a collar and stole of ermine. Priscilla Lady Annesley and Lady Massereene and Ferrard were, as usual, much admired.

Tried and trusted, a material we women know to be the very best of its kind, Viyella occupies a place in the opinion of the woman who knows second to none. Yes; but the women who know don't know enough. Until a few days ago, I was quite unaware that the beautiful fabric we love for blouses, summer dresses, nighties, and many other purposes, also appears in a weightier and more substantial form as suitings. These have all the virtues of their less heavy sisters: they never shrink, there is no necessity to have them dry-cleaned, because they wash beautifully, they wear splendidly, they have that finish which is a speciality of Viyella, and are made of the same beautiful soft quality of lambs' wool: are, in fact, so far a super-Viyella that tailors welcome them to make coats and skirts, dress-makers fashion them into smart frocks, while for tennis, the river, golf, and all holiday wear, these fabrics are unsurpassable. They are made in 46-in. and in 56-in. widths. Then there is quite a good selection of alluring, fine herringbone Viyella suiting. The stripes on white ground are full of fascination, and just right for spring and summer wear. Some are on diagonal and some on herringbone cloth, the stripes differing in width, colour, and arrangement, so that all tastes are satisfied. In dark costume cloths are greys, blues—really beautiful blues—and blacks, striped in different widths and arrangements with white; these are very smart and neat. In the height of fashion are shepherd's-plaid cloths, with large over-checks in colour, yellow, or blue, mauve, sepia, or green. These, for the new pleated skirts, or for coats, are quite perfect in style as in texture. There is a good choice in plain shepherd's plaids, and there are most effective and stylish black cloths, with a diamond crosswise design in colours, blue, purple, white, grey and mauve. There is, in

fact, all that anyone can want in these splendid Viyella suitings. It is nice to know that this material originated with William Hollins in 1777, and some of the work is still done in the place where it first saw



A DRESS OF THE MOMENT.

Black silk duvetyn is the material used for the dress. In order to relieve its sombreness it is embroidered in heavy silk floss in peacock-blue and mole. It has, moreover, a waist-band of black satin, with a large bow at the back.

Photograph by H. J. Shepstone.

the light. It is the proud boast of the proprietors of Viyella that since, twenty-eight years ago, it was first placed on the market, it has never altered from the guaranteed standard.

A. E. L.

OUR FRIENDS IN FRANCE.

A LETTER FROM AN ENGLISHWOMAN IN PARIS.

Paris.

THE *Eclair* recently published an article from the pen of Major Boyd Carpenter, on the Irish question, which made a considerable impression on the French thinking public. It was time that the case was stated clearly, for it has been rather difficult to bear the ignorant comments on England's "unfairness" to Ireland, and the sometimes rather violent abuse. Every outrage has been fully recorded by the entire French Press; photographs of burnt-out houses and street fighting in Dublin and elsewhere figured in every illustrated paper; no Sinn Fein incident escaped the unfavourable attention of the Press. At dinner-tables and receptions in Society, one became weary of answering the same set of questions on the state of affairs in Ireland, questions displaying such ignorance of the history of Ireland that to answer them properly would have involved one in a historical lecture, with the Battle of the Boyne as a starting-point.

Major Boyd Carpenter's clear *exposé* of the attitude of extremist Sinn Feiners throughout the war has come as a revelation to the French people, who now realise for the first time that the Irish republicans in question were just as much the enemies of France and England during the Great War as the Germans were. His proofs are convincing, and his explanations extremely fair; everything is set down, from the first treasonable acts of Casement and his anti-Franco-British propaganda, to the final stages of the war, when England, faced with the necessity for raising more troops, had every difficulty to contend with from the Sinn Feiners, who terrorised the Irish population and successfully prevented many of the younger men from joining the colours.

Finally, Major Boyd Carpenter presents a clever analogy to the French people in support of his argument that Ireland cannot be allowed to cut herself adrift from the British Empire, of which she must always form an integral part. He asks what France would do in the event of Normandy or Brittany demanding a form of "Home Rule" entirely independent of the rest of the country; could they contemplate granting such a request? The analogy is a good one, so far as it goes, but there is one very important difference between the two cases—namely, the religious question, which, of course, is at the root of a good deal of our Irish troubles. Strangely enough, despite the history of France, with its Massacre of St. Bartholomew and all the Huguenot troubles, no Frenchman of to-day can realise what a living, burning feud exists between the Churches in

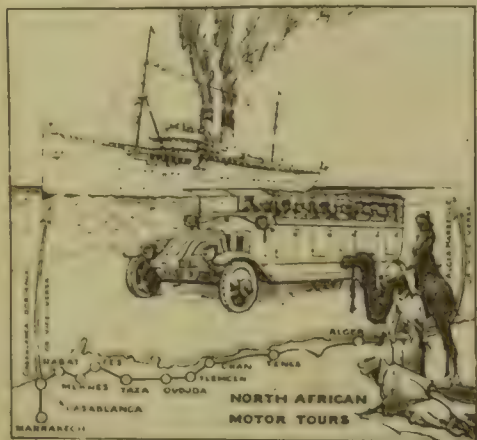
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Continued.
Ireland; it is difficult to convey an idea of the extraordinary power of the priesthood and the influence they have attained in the world of politics.

A familiar feature of the streets of Paris will disappear with the closing down of the Vilgrain Huts during the next few weeks, the Government judging that there is no longer any need for their services. In the early days of the war, when food



COLLECTED FOR SURRENDER TO THE ALLIES: A HUGE DUMP OF GERMAN AIRCRAFT AT JOHANNISTHAL, NEAR BERLIN.

Mr. Lloyd George recently gave some astonishing figures regarding the amount of German war material surrendered since the Armistice. It includes 31,000 guns, 10,000 trench-mortars, 70,000 machine-guns, 3,000,000 rifles, 33,000,000 shells, and 411,000,000 cartridges. The German war-machine, he said, must be broken up beyond repair. Our photographs indicate something of the quantity of aircraft handed over.—[Photograph by Photothek, Berlin.]

became scarce and prices were excessive, M. Vilgrain, a well-known agriculturist and philanthropist, obtained permission to set up a number of wooden huts on the boulevards and in every quarter of Paris, for the purpose of providing good and wholesome food for the working-classes at reasonable prices. Their success was instantaneous, and soon the huts were multiplied all over Paris and the surrounding suburbs. This undoubtedly averted something in the nature of a revolution, certainly in the poorer quarters of Paris.

It seems almost a pity that such an excellent organisation should be scrapped: why shouldn't M. Vilgrain and his expert staff turn their attention, for instance, to the Devastated Area, where, from all accounts, something of the kind is badly needed?

THE PLAYHOUSES.

"MIS' NELL O' NEW ORLEANS," AT THE DUKE OF YORK'S.

"MIS' NELL O' NEW ORLEANS" will serve—indeed, will more than serve. Mr. Laurence Eyre's play charms by its Louisiana setting, with its Creole folk and its Creole idioms, with its Negroes and Negresses dancing attendance in song and service, with its scenes of carnival and frolic. But it charms even more by the scope it affords that bewitching comédienne, Miss Irene Vanbrugh, to air her versatility in a rôle which she makes irresistibly vivacious and piquant. Nelly Daventry is supposed to come back home from Paris after some twenty or thirty years to stop her niece's engagement to the son of a lover of hers, who jilted her in the long ago, and when she comes it is in masquerade; an old woman she looks hobbling with a stick, but a naughty old woman with a choice vocabulary of swear-words to shock her niece, and everybody else in New Orleans. But soon she throws off her disguise, and, lo! here she is in the frock of her youth, the most fascinating of temptresses, bowling over not only

her former sulky old sweetheart, but his son as well. Indeed, forgetting poor little Delphine, the youngster is for marrying Aunt Nelly out of hand, and away they drive at midnight, this flirt of an aunt, to all seeming only too willing for the escapade. If Miss Vanbrugh's art, so rich in fun and high spirits and diablerie, is delicious in this scene it is even more taking in the sequel.

No description can do justice to the actress's performance. It is a *tour de force* in which the whole battery of woman's wiles and a magnetic personality is employed triumphantly. Mr. Hallard, Mr. Faber, and Mr. Jack Hobbs do what mere men can.

"KING HENRY IV." (PART II.), AT THE COURT.
The second part of "King Henry IV." has never enjoyed the stage vogue of either the first part or of that paean of patriotism, "King Henry V." Yet there are compensations. There is Falstaff, moving towards his decline, but still full-blooded enough. There is Master Shallow, that wonderful study of senility hugging itself over the exploits (probably feigned) of its gay-dog youth. And in this play are also to be found two of the most famous passages in Shakespearean drama—the situation in which the Prince tries on his unconscious father's crown; and, again, the coronation scene, wherein the new King, with a self-righteous cruelty no-lover of Falstaff can ever forgive, disowns and disgraces the partner of his follies. One can imagine a Falstaff in this his moment of eclipse being as tragic a sight almost as Shylock under defeat; Mr. Alfred Clark plays him on naturalistic lines, abating some of his exuberance, bringing him down more to the level of his comrades. He has the support of a breezy if noisy Pistol in Mr. Benson Kleve; and the right note of coarseness is struck by Miss Margaret Yarde's Dame Quickly and Miss Leah Bateman's Doll. In the royal death-bed scene there



THE END OF THE GERMAN AIR FLEET: MOUNTAINS OF DISMANTLED PROPELLERS.—[Photograph by Photothek, Berlin.]

is fine declamation from both Mr. Frank Cellier as King and Mr. Basil Rathbone as Prince, and there is a good Lord Chief Justice at the Court in Mr. Eugene Leahy. But the most haunting piece of acting comes from Mr. H. O. Nicholson as Justice Shallow.

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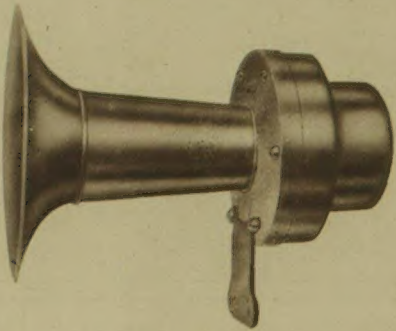
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THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

A New Move
by the A.A.

The Automobile Association is energetically developing a scheme to ensure that the interests of motorists shall be more effectively and more strongly represented in Parliament than in the past. Arrangements are being made for the formation of Area Committees to cover every Parliamentary constituency. In this way the whole country will be linked up by a network of properly organised and representative



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This horn is very economical of current, and excellently made.

committees, which will not only keep in touch with the members of Parliament representing the various constituencies, but can be called together at any time to deal with legislative matters of national or local importance to the motorist. Hitherto the task of opposing restrictive or oppressive legislation has fallen on the shoulders of a few M.P.s, who have done their best to secure reasonable treatment for motorists; but the action of the Government in forcing upon the country the present inequitable system of taxation has demonstrated the need for the adoption

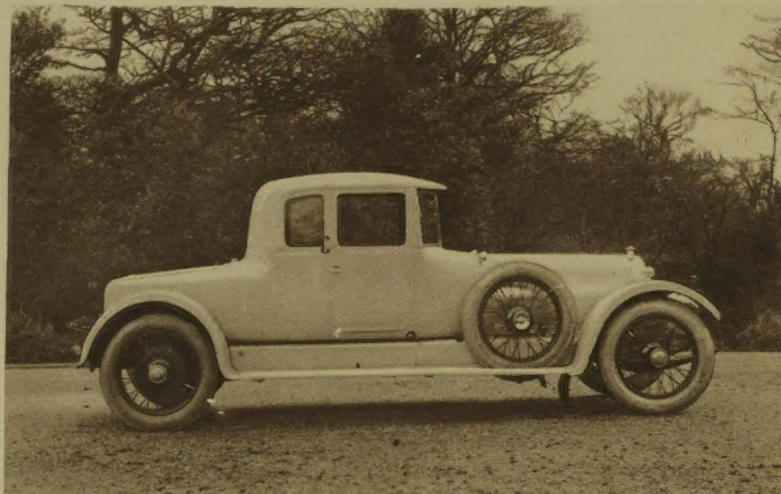
of a new policy to secure the early revision of the grossly unfair taxes and obtain a really fair hearing for the motorist on other legislative matters which are likely to be before the House in the near future. The recent successes achieved on behalf of motor-users by the Association at the Dover and Hereford by-elections revealed that the importance of motoring interests in present-day legislation can no longer be measured by the extent to which the motorist lends his car to one or other of the candidates. It is the A.A.'s intention to show that the motoring vote, including as it does both users and those employed in the industry, is a factor seriously to be reckoned with by those who stand for Parliament.

A Most
Important
Development.

In many ways this move of the A.A. is to be regarded as the most important which has ever been made in the whole history of the political side of motoring. The weakness of the A.A. hitherto has been that its constitution has not been sufficiently democratic—the membership had no say in either policy or management. That was very well so long as the A.A. simply existed to give "service" to the motorist; but now that we want a powerful political organisation—we need not mind saying so—something more representative in the real meaning of the term is required. The R.A.C. is not really representative, since its whole policy is directed by a small section of the Committee, and is formulated without regard to the opinions of the motoring community as a whole, which, indeed, the Club never troubles to discover. The A.A. is the one organisation capable of really and truly representing the motorist. Its membership is both large and influential. It, with all its faults, works for the good of the movement. That it has, perhaps, not carried the full confidence of motoring has been due to the narrowness of its organisation, which has not altogether kept pace with the times. Now that its scope is to be widened in the manner set forth, its power for good will be immeasurably increased, and we shall have a real fighting organisation.

The R.A.C. and
Speed-Limits.

The Departmental Committee on the Taxation and Regulation of Road Vehicles—rather a misnomer, since its task is to deal only with mechanically propelled vehicles—is taking evidence on the question of speed-limits and driving licenses. Last week Sir Arthur Stanley gave the views of the R.A.C. and its Associated Clubs to the Committee. He thought the present limit of 20 m.p.h. should be abolished, together with all other speed-limitations. In support of this view, Sir Arthur urged that since 1903, when the present Motor Car Act was passed, the motor-car has been greatly improved in every respect, including brake efficiency. The public has become accustomed to motor traffic, and speed is regulated naturally by traffic circumstances and other conditions. The roads have been greatly improved, and the present taxation on motor vehicles means constant further improvement. He drew attention to the report of the Royal Commission on Motor Cars, 1906, which suggested that more effective control could be secured by amending Section 1 of the Motor Car Act (relating to dangerous driving), and contended that an arbitrary speed-



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limit weakens this clause instead of strengthening it. Danger to the public is not a question of speed, but of careless or negligent driving. W. W.

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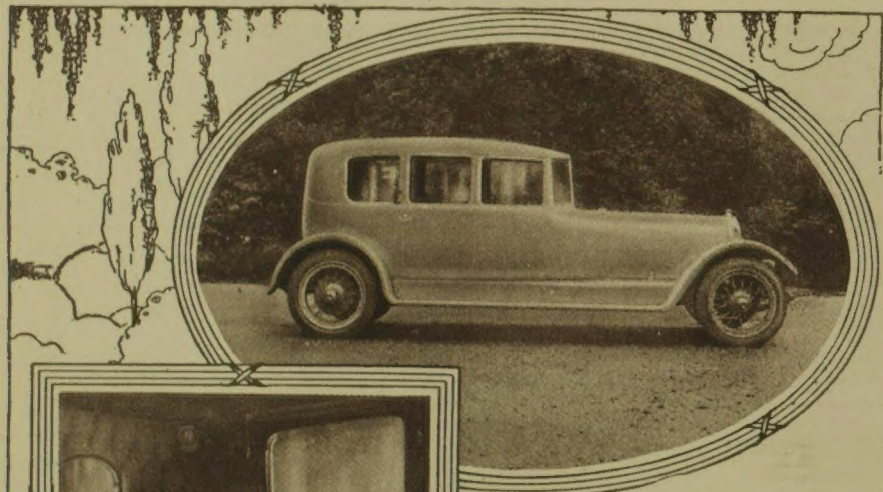
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and well rub a little into their Hands after washing, they will soon find a wonderful improvement take place, as this will make and keep them beautifully soft and smooth, whatever work they may have to do.

TRY A BOTTLE.—We know you will be delighted with its effect! Bottles 1/6 & 2/6, of all Chemists and Stores all over the world.

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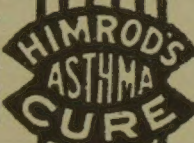
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SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

POISONING THE SEA.

DURING the war reports were numerous of gulls, guillemots, and other sea-birds found dead or dying, with their plumage saturated with oil. At the time it was believed these were the victims of a military necessity, since it was imperative, for reasons then apparent to most people, to spread a film of oil over certain areas of the sea haunted by the submarines of the enemy. But that necessity ceased long since, yet the destruction of these birds from oil-saturated plumage still continues. During the last month or two, long lists of victims have come in, not from one or two localities, but from a succession of stations, ranging from Scotland to Lands End.

Are these occurrences due to a concerted and diabolical plot on the part of fishermen to rid themselves of their rivals?—for there are many who anathematise these birds, believing them to be enormously destructive to fisheries, though there is not a scrap of evidence in support of this view. Or are they due to thoughtlessness of those who set adrift the vitiated oil, periodically drained off from motor engines, of which so many are now in use? The matter calls for immediate enquiry and investigation by the Ministry of Agriculture and Fisheries, since it is one of great gravity, concerning not merely sea-birds, but the very existence of our food fishes.

Their existence is threatened both directly and indirectly. Directly, from the fact that, for the most part, during the larval stage they swim at the surface and haunt the shores. Young plaice, cod, and whiting, for example, come so far shorewards that they are taken in thousands in the "shove-nets" of the shrimpers; while great numbers are cut off from the sea to fend as best they may in rock-pools at low tide, till released at high water. These pools are now becoming filled, and the surrounding sand is becoming saturated, with oil, bringing with it certain death. Thus, then, our store of food fishes is seriously menaced. But this is not all. Our shore-line, both between tide-marks and beyond,

is tenanted by a host of creatures, molluscs, worms, and the like, which furnish the food of the fishes which in turn feed us. And they are also killed by this invading oil. Some of these molluscs, such as oysters, cockles, and scallops, provide annually a vast amount of wholesome human food.

The mischief, however, is not confined to the immediate shore-line, for this discharged oil is found

for their very existence. Even suppose that, as some contend, the damage is "only local," the polluted areas are constantly changing, and before any given area has recovered, it will, in all probability, be fouled again.

As if this were not enough, our military authorities have been dumping enormous quantities of high explosives into the sea by way of encompassing its destruction. As a consequence, the water in and around such areas is poisoned, and will remain so until the whole of the submerged material has been dissolved and dispersed! One result of this has been the extermination of an oyster-bed. If we are to avert disaster, steps must be taken to prevent the discharge of such material, both oil and high explosives, anywhere within one hundred miles of land; better still would it be, if possible, to prevent its discharge into the sea at all.

W. P. PYCRAFT.

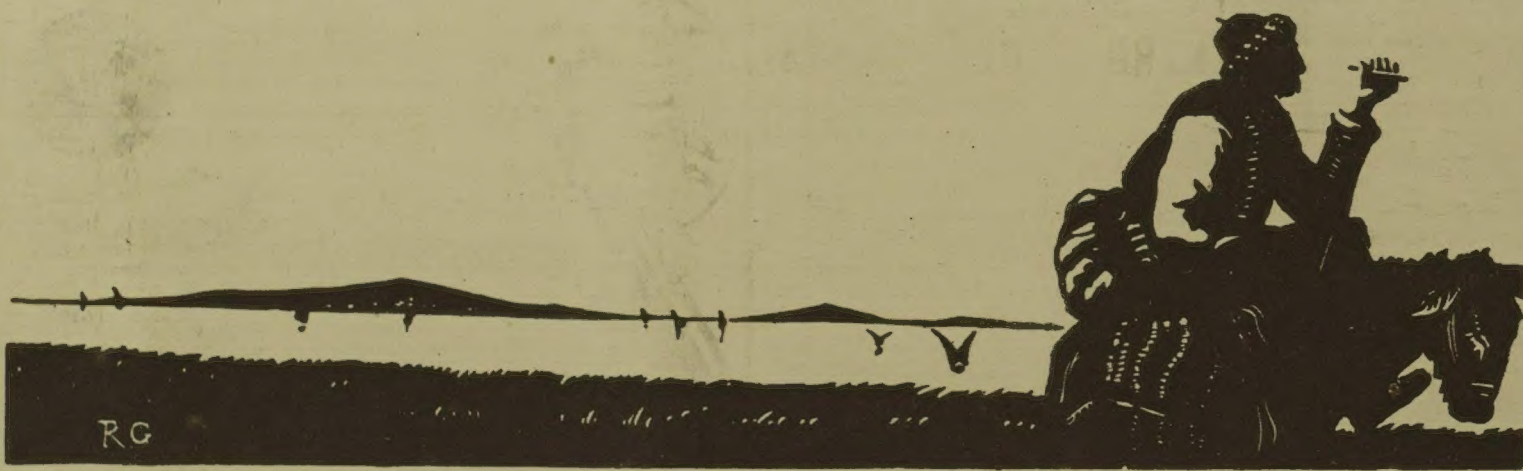


A CHAMPION OF REUNION: DR. TEMPLE (LEFT) ON THE OCCASION OF HIS ENTHRONEMENT AS BISHOP OF MANCHESTER.

Dr. William Temple, recently Canon of Westminster, and son of the late Archbishop Temple, was enthroned as Bishop of Manchester in the cathedral there on February 15. In a message to the diocese he spoke of his friendly relations with the Free Churches, and said he hoped the present division might soon be overcome.—[Photograph by Topical.]

miles from the land, and here it wages death upon floating eggs which otherwise would bring forth the larvæ whose early stages are passed inshore. The fate of the eggs, moreover, is shared by myriads of minute marine organisms, such as crustacea, known as copepoda, and allied forms; and the still more minute organisms on which these feed. Hosts of fishes, as well as whales, depend on these copepoda

berg and Teck royalties constitute a precedent in the world's history. Woman's place in the Honours List is another innovation in "Burke," for the 99 Dames created since the war are, of course, included in the classic pages. A distinctly useful feature of the work is the "Guide to Relative Precedence," which arranges all those entitled to precedence into various classes designated by numbers.



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